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& BYSTANDER



A table
outside



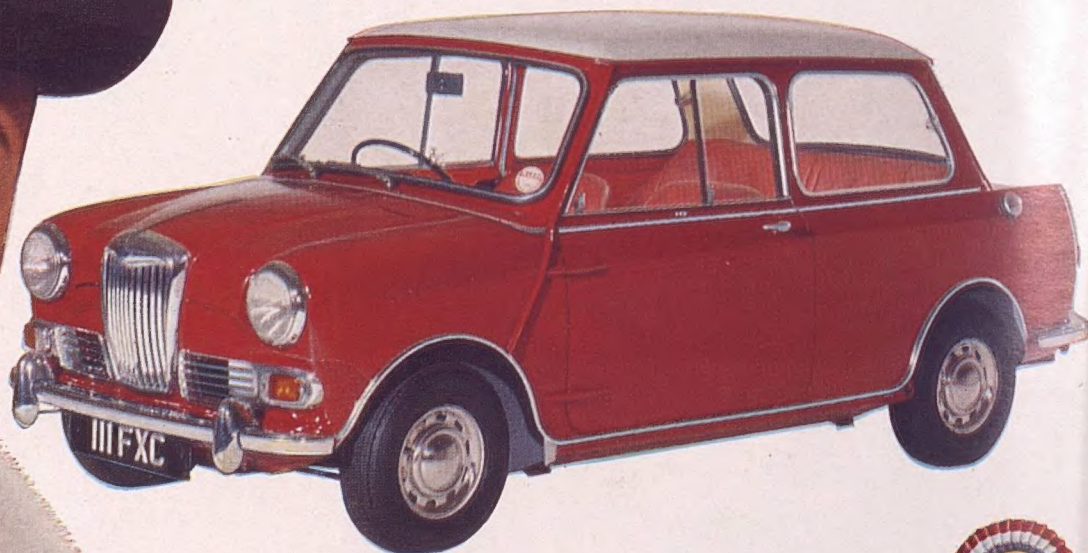


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AND BYSTANDER / VOLUME 252 / NUMBER 3278

EDITOR
JOHN OLIVER

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE: the Home Front, a Tatler eye-view of 1914: the uncrushable traveller, by Unity Barnes

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The scene on the cover is increasingly a part of London in the '60s, with more and more West End restaurants overflowing their tables and chairs to the pavements outside. Desmond O'Neill took his colour shot at Wivex in Wigmore Street; his further pictures appear on page 718. The imperturbable sitter, out wears a brilliantly printed linen dress by Colin Glascoe, it costs 10 gns. at Marshall & Snelgrove; Joan Sutherland, Maidenhead. For more news of midsummer activities in London turn to page 712 for Muriel Bowen's report on a charity ball held in a river boat, and to page 724 for Morris Newcombe's graphic coverage of the reopening of the Regent's Park Open Air Theatre

GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

The Oxfam Summer Ball and River-boat Shuffle. Monkey Island, Bray, Friday, 17 July. River steamer casino. Cabaret with Frankie Vaughan. Running buffet. Barbecue breakfast. (Tickets, £3 3s., from the Secretary, Oxfam Ball, Monkey Island, Bray, Berkshire.)

Eton v. Winchester, at Eton, 26 June.

Essex Yeomanry Ball, Barrington Hall, Hatfield Broad Oak, 26 June.

S. & Wilts Hunt Summer Ball, Stourhead, 26 June.

Brighton Antiques Fair, 26 June-4 July.

Polo Club Summer Ball, Cirencester Park, 27 June.

Greyhound Derby, White City, 27 June.

Victoria League Ball, the Dorchester, 30 June. (Tickets, £3 3s., inc. dinner from G/Capt. J. G. Glen, BEL 7271.)

Princess Margaret & the Earl of Snowdon will attend the Georgian Ball, the Mansion House, 1 July, in aid of the Friends of St. John's, Smith Square. (Tickets, £5 5s., from Lady Parker of Waddington, FRE 2285.)

Henley Royal Regatta, 1-4 July.

Hurlingham Ball, Hurlingham Club, 3 July.

Field Sports Fair. Melchbourne Park, Beds, 4 July.

L.T.A. Ball, Grosvenor House, 4 July.

Royal Shakespeare Party, Buckingham Palace, 7 July.

Royal Tournament, Earls Court, 8-25 July.

The Queen Mother will attend a performance of *Twelfth Night* in Middle Temple Hall (part of the City of London Festival), 7.30 p.m., 8 July.

2nd West Lanes Officers' Ball, Samlesbury Hall, Preston, 10 July. (Tickets, £2 2s., from the Adjutant, 288 (2 WL) Regt. R.A. (T.A.), Kimberley Barracks, Deepdale Rd., Preston.)

Old Surrey & Burstow Hunt Ball, Gatwick Manor, 10 July. **Cheltenham Festival Ball,** Pittville Pump Room, 10 July. (Tickets, £3 3s., from the Ball Organiser, Town Hall Cheltenham.)

British Jumping Derby, Hickstead, Surrey, 11-12 July.

Princess Margaret will attend a matinée at the Adelphi, 14 July, in aid of the Sunshine Homes for Blind Children.

Regency Rout, Cheltenham Festival, 14 July. (Tickets, £1, inc. wine, refreshments and dancing.)

Summer Ball, Shiplake Court School, Henley-on-Thames, 31 July, in aid of the School Development Fund. (Double

tickets £2 10s., inc. buffet supper, from Mrs. D. F. K. Welsh, Shiplake Court; Wargrave 516.)

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Newbury, Catterick Bridge, Yarmouth, Liverpool, 24; Newcastle, 25-27; Windsor, Worcester, Doncaster, 26; Newmarket, 27; Wolverhampton, 29; York, Brighton, 29, 30 June.

CRICKET

Old Amplefordians v. Downside Wanderers, Hurlingham, 5 July.

Fusilier Brigade v. I Zingari, Hurlingham, 11 July.

YACHTING

Clyde Week. 27 June-4 July.

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Drury Lane. *La Fille Mal Gardée*, tonight; *Giselle*, 25, 26, 30 June; *Coppelia*, 27 June; *Napoli*, *Flower Festival*, *Marguerite & Armand*, *The Dream*, 1 July, 7.30 p.m., *Coppelia*, 27 June, 2.15 p.m. (TEM 8108).

Sadler's Wells Opera. *The Gipsy Baron*, 27 June, 1, 3, 4 July (last perfs.); *Girl of the Golden West*, 25 June; *Our Man in Havana*, 26, 30 June, 2 July. (TER 1672/3.)

The Chapel, Royal Hospital, Chelsea. Pianoforte recital by Peter Katin, 8 p.m., 30 June, in aid of the Red Cross, London branch. (FLA 8714/8550.)

Odeon Theatre, Swiss Cottage. R.P.O., cond. Boult, 7.30 p.m., 28 June. (PRI 3424.)

Country House Concerts. **The Vyne**, near Basingstoke. George Malcolm (piano and chamber organ), and Carl Pini (violin), 6.30 p.m., 28 June.

Fenton House, Hampstead. Anthology of poetry and music, 8 p.m., 1 July. (PRI 7142.)

Lakeside concert, Kenwood. Philharmonia, cond. Mackeras, 8 p.m., 27 June.

Kenwood Chamber Music. Yan Pascal (violin), and Geoffrey Parsons (piano), 7.30 p.m., 28 June. (WAR 5000, Ext. 8060.)

FESTIVALS

Lunchtime concert, Wigmore Hall. Alfreda Hodgson (contralto), John Wilson (piano), 1.5 p.m., 30 June. (Adm.: 2s. Students 6d.)

City of London Festival, 6-18 July.

English Bach Festival, Oxford, 26 June-5 July.

Cheltenham Festival, 5-17 July.

Hallé Festival of Music, Harrogate, 6-11 July.

SON ET LUMIÈRE

Hampton Court, to 26 September, in aid of Lady Hoare's Thalidomide Appeal. (HYD 6000.)

FIRST NIGHTS

Aldwych. *Afore Night Come*, 25 June.

New Arts. *Edward II*, 30 June. **Chichester.** *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*, 7 July.

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GOING PLACES

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays
W.B. . . . Wise to book a table.
Hostaria Romana, 70 Dean Street, Soho. (REG 2869.) In the opinion of a considerable number of people, this restaurant has the best Italian food in this part of London. I would not disagree with that judgment. Certainly the minestrone, pâté, and lasagne are exceptional, and all their pasta dishes are good. As a farmer I have a prejudice against eating baby lamb but I am told that, done in the Roman style, it is one of their specialities. The very modern decoration suits the general light-hearted atmosphere of the establishment. There is a sound list of Italian wines, many of them under £1 per bottle, also reputable carafe wines. Allow 8s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. for your main course. Open luncheon from 12 midday and 6-11.30 p.m. for dinner.

Eating round
the world in London:

3. Greece and the Levant

Unity Restaurant, King's Road, Chelsea; **White Tower**, 1 Percy Street, W.1; **Akropolis Restaurant**, Charlotte Street, W.1; **Plato's Restaurant**, 83 Wigmore Street; **Omar Khayyam**, 50 Cannon Street, E.C.4; **Boulogne**, 27 Gerrard Street, W.1; **Andreas**, 8 Blacklands Terrace, King's Road, Chelsea; **Beoty's**, 79 St. Martins' Lane; **Balkan Grill**, 20a Baker Street; **Octopus**, Beauchamp Place; **Lezzet**, 34 D'Arblay Street, Wardour Street.

Wine notes

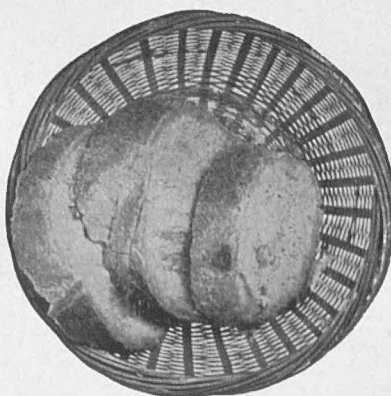
Among the wines displayed on the French National Stand at the recent 5th Delicatessen Exhibition in London was an

outstanding white Beaujolais—Château de Loyse 1959, shipped by Percy Fox. They were also showing the delightful red Domaine des Journets-Chenas 1959. I was interested also in the Bouquet de Provence Rosé from the F. G. Bernard vineyards at Vidauban near St. Tropez. It is an admirable partner for a summer meal. The agents are Maurice Meyer.

Among the gold medals awarded at the 1963 International Wine & Spirits Fair at Ljubljana was one to Glen Mist Scotch Whisky Liqueur. It is a reminder that within the United Kingdom we can produce what the modern taste demands, a drier liqueur. It is made in Scotland from matured whisky, honey, spices and other ingredients from an old recipe. I found it pleasant drinking with coffee, following a white Burgundy, and having an undoubted warming and digestive quality. It costs 47s. 6d. per bottle, 27s. 6d. for a half, or 5s. for a miniature.

Disappointment in Dover

I have known, and enjoyed many meals in the **Crypt Restaurant** at Dover over a long period of years—and it really is a crypt. I was interested to hear that Berni Inns had taken it over and spent a considerable amount of money on it. It was, therefore, all the more disappointing to discover they refuse to reserve tables. Disappointment was enhanced by not being able to get a Cinzano vermouth in the bar, and by being offered—in Dover of all places—plaice instead of sole, which was on the menu but out of stock. They have, however, put right one trouble



—the ventilation. You no longer come out smelling like a pork chop.

. . . and a reminder

Restaurant Rigoletto,
26 Romilly Street, Soho.
(GER 5302.) New, pleasantly

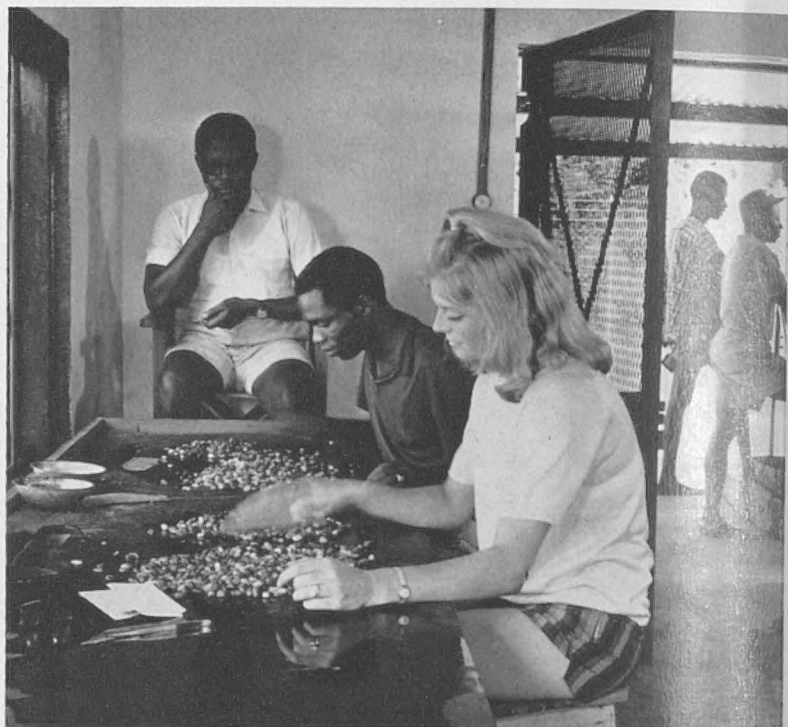
TO EAT

got up with good cooking and reasonable prices.

Hunting Lodge, 16 Lower Regent Street. (WHI 4222.) Opulent dining in opulent surroundings.

Vine Grill, 3 Piccadilly Place, W.1. (REG 5789.) Small and popular, specializing in high quality steaks and chops.

Whistling Oyster, 32 Great Queen Street, W.C.2. (HOL 6383.) Captain Cunningham serves fish and meat of high quality in one of the most elegant restaurant settings in London.



GOING PLACES in Africa Mrs. Felicity Forristal helps sort diamonds at Boajibu where her husband, manager of the Sierra Leone Exploration Company, is dredging the river Sewa for the stones. Mrs. Forristal also runs a school for very young African children in the village. The picture is one of series in black and white taken by Maurice Broomfield for the Diamond Corporation of West Africa now on exhibition at the World Fair in New York. Mr. Broomfield also took the winning colour shot in the Kodak competition How The World Sees Britain on display in the Kodak Pavilion at the Fair

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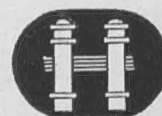
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GOING PLACES

Istanbul is already on the sea. But the Turks, though never the world's greatest sailors, are so fond of the water, and the views from the water, that they are for ever leaving their city in summer for a weekend on one of the islands in the Sea of Marmara; for a day by the Black Sea; even for an evening, at one of the villages strung out along the shores of the Bosphorus itself. None of them is more than two hours by boat or car from Istanbul; all have different moods, a different climate, different views.

Sareya is one of the prettiest villages on the Bosphorus. It has a lively, picturesque fish market on the quayside and splendid bakers' shops where they sell hot *burek* and warm, sticky *baclava*, plus a charming garden restaurant aptly named the Living Fish.

One of the most beautiful roads in Turkey climbs away from the waterside at Sareya and over a heathery headland, from whose summit the Bosphorus looks suddenly like a lake, and the beaches of the Black Sea stretch ahead. Long, golden beaches have become a cliché of the travel trade, but I walked for a full hour along the beach at Kilios, and only a small stream and the wrong kind of shoes forced me to turn back. There is a large, adequately comfortable hotel, but whether you spend nights there or only a day is immaterial: the setting is charming, the water calm and clear, the beach—I repeat—gorgeous. It is only a 40 minute journey

by car from Istanbul.

Sile (pronounced as in Sheila), on the Asiatic shore of the Black Sea, is completely different. Compared with the rest of Turkey, its feeling is quite northern. Clean, cobbled streets and timbered houses creep up to a headland of scrubby grass and wild scillas; smooth grey stones and yellow moss. Down below, the sea runs into little coves and pools as it does in Cornwall. The day of my visit in early April, a *po Yaz* from the Russian shores had blown a freezing cold mist over the little town. My companions kept assuring me (they did not need to) that this was a summer, and not a winter resort. Indeed, as I saw, the place is peppered with pensions, and is especially popular—as I can believe—with Germans and Scandinavians, who like nothing better than a replica of home. The only café which was open looked dog-eared and smelled of cats, but it had a pretty view down to the timbered buildings of the harbour. They were kind to the English lady, and opened a window while every Turk beamed and shivered.

The tobacco-stained tablecloth was removed and a clean, damp one put in its place. The proprietor presented me with a paper napkin, carefully impaled along the blunt edge of a knife. A large, shiny grey mullet—straight from the fish bucket, not the refrigerator—was produced for our approval. Then came a pile of hot-fried little "silver" fish, and a dish of



delicate lamb cutlets and kidneys; spring onions and a bunch of dill; white cheese, crusty new bread and a bottle of white Doluc wine. It was one of the best of meals, in a country where good food so often belies unpromising surroundings. The innate kindness of the Turks, and their talent for improvisation, smooths many a rough path.

Near to Sile, at Kumbaba, is a hotel which both Turks and foreigners of the choosy kind assure me is *really* good. It was closed at the time, opens from the end of April through October; and the early autumn is one of the best seasons for this Black Sea coast.

Istanbul looks most romantic of all from the water. The steamers which start with whooping sirens from Galata Bridge cross to Scutari, with that eternal perspective of mosques and minarets behind them, and call briefly at the port of Hayda Pasha station (midway point on that most fabled of railway journeys, from London to Baghdad), and then round the coast into the shallow, sparkling sea of Marmara.

All the islands—Kinaliada, Burgaz, Heyelbiada and Büyüka — are summer resorts, summer residences; every well-to-do Istanbuli has

ABROAD

a bungalow, a house or a bit of real estate on one or other of them. Though so close, their aspect is quite different from any of the isles of Greece. The houses which cluster around the ports are prosperous-looking villas, some of them entirely timbered. Among the most charming examples of building are the possessions either of the peasants (who put up with them), or the very rich, who treasure them and are able to afford the upkeep (the bourgeois Turk would sooner have precast concrete complete with central heating).

The waterside cafés and restaurants are quite elaborate. I never found out why, but though the roads are good, there is no wheeled traffic. Indeed, Büyüka has an array of lugubrious-looking, elderly street cleaners whose task it is to trail the middle of the road with brush and pan, tidying up after the horse-drawn carozzas. We rolled slowly through the streets and up the pine-wooded hillside in such a vehicle, coming to a halt outside the Villa Rifat.

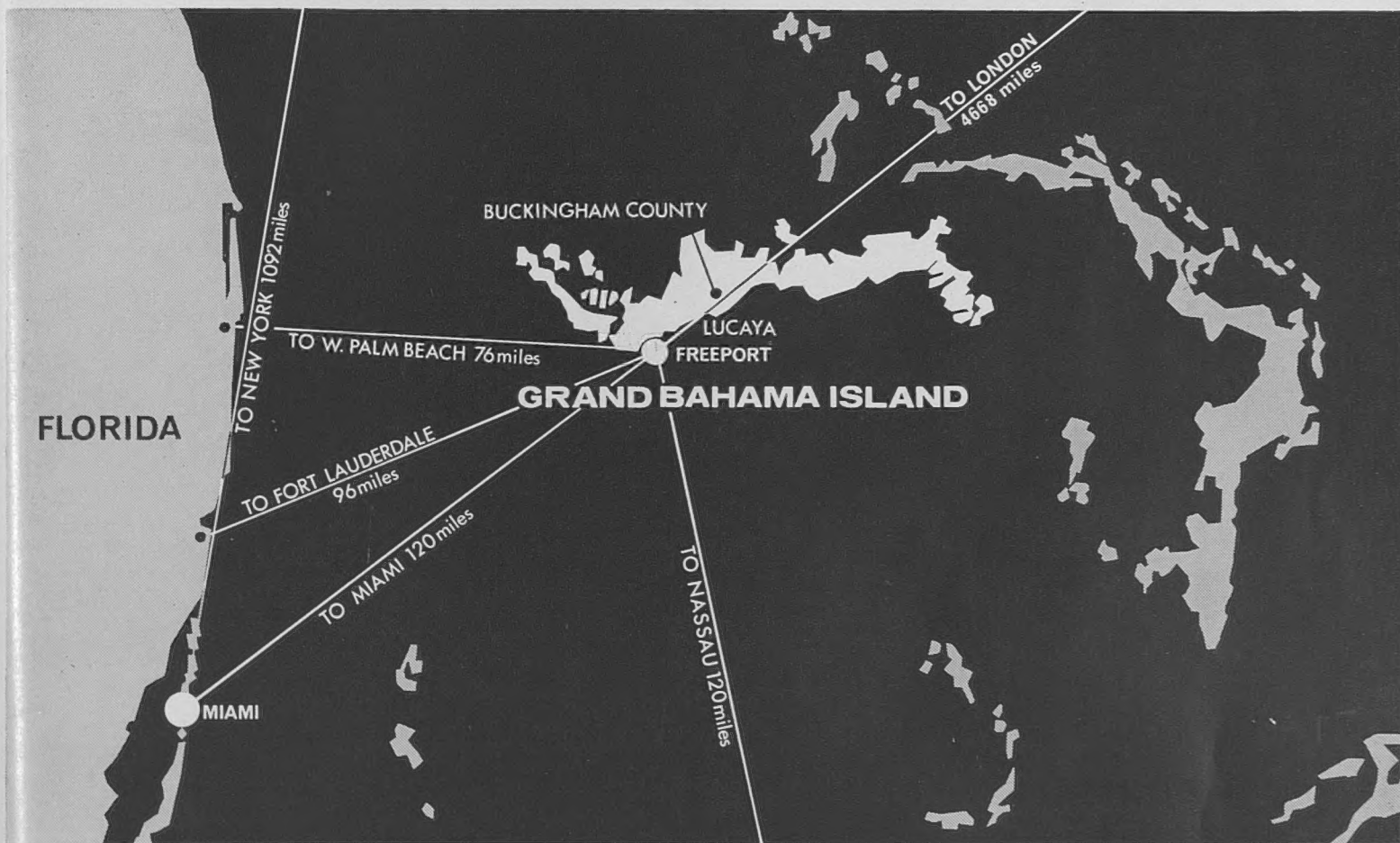
On its modest scale, the Rifat establishment has become—understandably—well-known. Monsieur Rifat speaks perfect French and cooks like a Frenchman. The appeal is an aspect of the country which few visitors ever see; comfortable domestic living, a pretty climate, good food on a family, not a restaurant, scale. Guests—for such they are—are taken out by boat to see the other islands, or to fish. The Rifats have their own beach, but will gladly run you round the coast to better ones, complete with picnic. You can raid the refrigerator and cook for yourself or dine *en famille* on a charming terrace with orange and lemon trees growing in tubs. There are only eight bedrooms, but each has running hot and cold and there are private baths to three of them. Whatever you do, eat or drink, the rates are 50s. a day for two.

Istanbul is one of the very few cities of the Middle East whose summers are positively enjoyable, rather than negatively bearable. Pan Am's Boeing flight leaves London each day at 9 a.m., arriving in Istanbul at 3 p.m., local time. Monthly excursion fare £99 12s.



The coast at Sile, two hours from Istanbul, has a Cornish feeling

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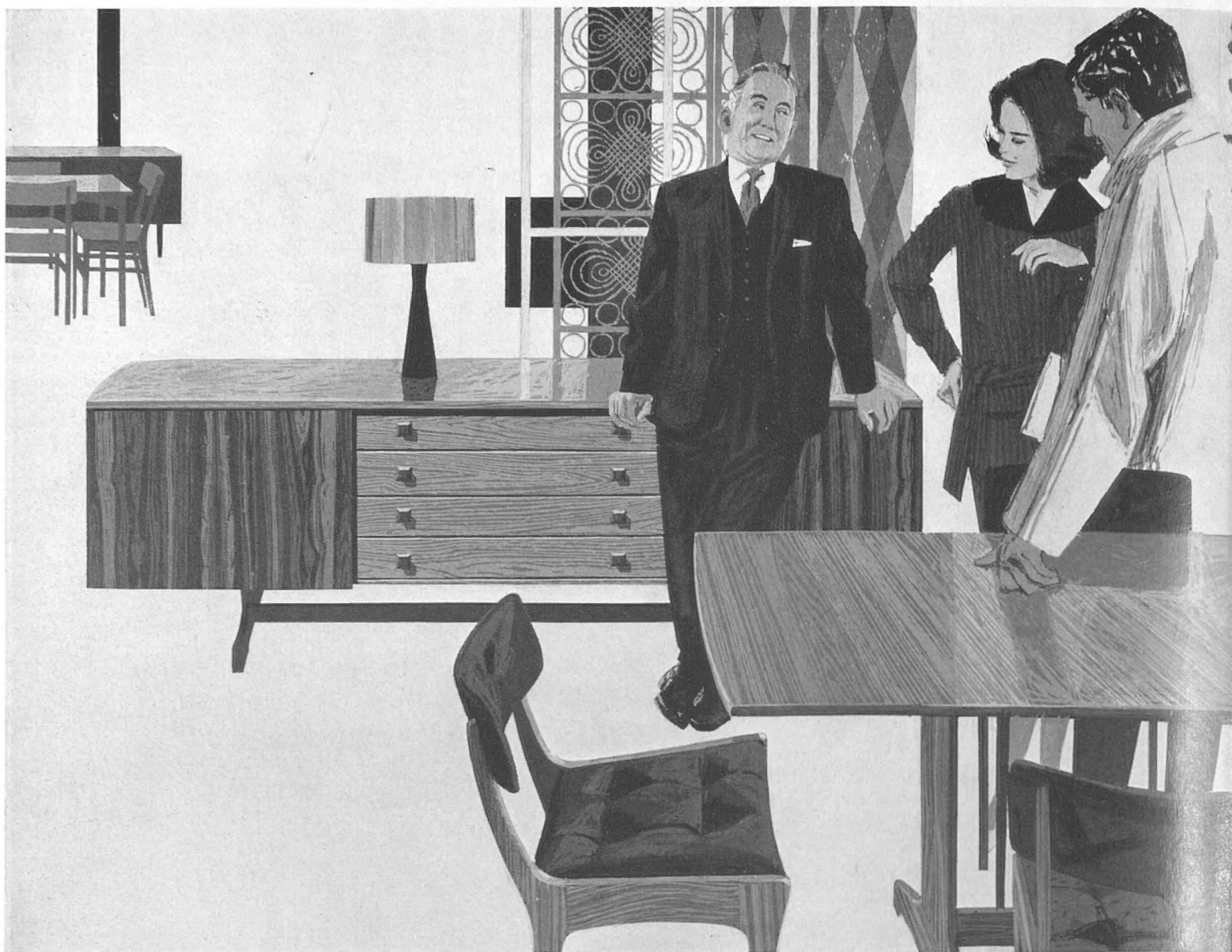
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SALUTE TO PRINCE EDWARD



The salute—strictly speaking—was meant for the Queen. It was made by Lightnings of R.A.F. Fighter Command in formation flight over Buckingham Palace in honour of the Queen's official birthday. Earlier she had taken the salute on Horse Guards Parade when the Colours of the 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards were trooped. It became a family occasion—like so many before on the Palace balcony—when the Queen and Prince Philip appeared with their fourth child, the baby Prince Edward, born on 10 March, 1964. It was an appearance conducted with Royal aplomb—neither the roar of the aircraft nor the cheers of the crowd disturbed the Prince with a proud Plantagenet name

1



PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

At this year's Midsummer Banquet² at the Mansion House the Lord Mayor met Britain's leading men and women of the arts, the sciences and learning

1 Ald. James Harman, the Lord Mayor, and Mrs. Harman receive Sir Solly Zuckerman, Scientific Adviser to the Defence Minister, and Lady Joan Zuckerman

2 Television actor Mr. Andrew Cruickshank, better known as Dr. Cameron in BBC-TV's *Dr. Finlay* series, talks to Mr. Gilbert H. Edgar, one of the two City Sheriffs, and Sir Robert Mayer

3 Architect Mr. Denys Lasdun and Mrs. Lasdun

4 Sir William Penney, chairman of the United Kingdom Atomic Authority

5 Mr. Peter Dimmock, General Manager of BBC's Outside Broadcasts, and his wife, Polly Elwes

6 Sir Arthur Bliss, Master of the Queen's Musick, with Lady Bliss (*left*) and Mrs. Peggy Graham

7 Mr. and Mrs. James Laver. Mr. Laver spoke at the Banquet

8 Husband and wife television actors, Mr. Maurice Kaufmann and Miss Honor Blackman, better-known as Cathy Gale of ABC-TV's *The Avengers*



3



4



5



MIDSUMMER AT MANSION HOUSE



SOMETHING NEW IN THE CITY

BY MURIEL BOWEN

The age-old pageantry of the City surrounding the Midsummer Banquet at Mansion House was sufficiently familiar—only the guests were different. ALD. JAMES HARMAN, the Lord Mayor and Mrs. HARMAN had invited men and women of science, learning and letters to join them for dinner. SIR SOLLY & LADY JOAN ZUCKERMAN were among them, and so too were SIR WILLIAM & LADY HALEY, SIR WILLIAM & LADY PENNEY, SIR JOHN & LADY WOLFENDEN, Mr. & Mrs. LAURIE LEE, and SIR JOHN & LADY RICHARDSON.

The idea of a Midsummer Banquet devoted to science and learning is the most "with it" move the go-ahead City entertainers have made for a long time. And far from being cynical on having to leave their books and get into stiff shirts the learned men revelled in eating their dinner in the glow of gold plate. Former Lord Mayor SIR BERNARD WALEY-COHEN, BT., suggested and first held the Midsummer Banquet; appropriately he and the HON. LADY WALEY-COHEN were there to enjoy it on this occasion.

GUILDHALL GLITTER

Only a couple of days earlier the City men and their wives had attended another glittering function—the Guildhall Banquet in honour of the President of the Sudan. The Speaker of the House of Commons, SIR HARRY HYLTON-FOSTER, & the HON. LADY HYLTON-FOSTER led the political contingent and others I saw were LORD & LADY NETHERTHORPE; the ARCHBISHOP OF JERUSALEM & Mrs. MAC-INNES; LORD THOMSON OF FLEET; Miss JOAN VICKERS, M.P.; SIR WILLIAM & LADY ARMSTRONG; Mr. & Mrs. DOUGLAS DODDS-PARKER; and the EARL & COUNTESS OF CROMER.

These banquets for visiting dignitaries are usually held at lunchtime. This one held in the evening was much more dressed up, much more glamorous. As SIR JAMES MILLER said to me: "Guildhall is at its best at night."

NOT TO WORRY, ZSA ZSA

Splash went the ropes in the water, a toot on the whistle, and we were off on a midnight cruise-cum-dance on the *Royal Sovereign* (see picture overleaf). Tower Bridge, all floodlit, opened to receive us. The lights of tied-up ships danced on the water, and the moon shone from a faded aquamarine sky.

"We seem to have an awful lot of people on board," Miss Zsa Zsa GABOR said nervously (this was before they had been engulfed by the chemmy tables,

etc.). "Don't worry," countered the cruise President, the MARCHIONESS OF BLANDFORD. "I've just been to see the captain and this ship has the best diesels made . . . and her sister ship survived Dunkirk." Lady Blandford and the co-chairman Mrs. JACK STEINBERG turned up in the same vivid orange, plunge-neckline dresses. They complimented each other on their good taste.

EDUCATING THE EARL

It was such an amusing party (a benefit for the Royal College of Nursing) that I wished that the *Royal Sovereign* would head for the open sea. Where did people want to go? "Margate—definitely," said Mrs. HARRY MIDDLETON. Anywhere where there was "loads of sun" would do for Mrs. KENNETH KEITH, the DUCHESS OF BEDFORD, and Mr. JACK HEINZ III. Earlier Mr. & Mrs. Keith had a large dinner party at their flat in Eaton Square which she has decorated with superb taste. BARONESS THYSSSEN was game for six months of cruising to Tahiti and the South Seas. Only the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH was happy to stick to the London docks. "It is such an education coming on a cruise like this—I had no idea the docks were so interesting and so extensive." The EARL OF CARNARVON alone was prepared come rain come shine. He wore a lightweight dinner jacket and clutched a heavy black umbrella all evening.

A BOX FOR BROOKE

Nicest thing about this year's four-day Derby meeting at Epsom was that the bookies received one of their too rare canings. Bets were prodigious, and favourites did what was expected of them. THE QUEEN and PRINCE PHILIP had their usual large party in the royal box. One of their guests, PRESIDENT ABBUD of the Sudan, doesn't think much of our English weather. He got out of his car wearing a heavy navy blue coat, took a look at the sky, and replaced it with a heavier camelhair one.

There was a large but not record crowd. Business seemed to have been very successfully steered off Derby Day. Parliament thoughtfully avoided any contentious motions. Mr. JIM HAWES, senior partner in the firm of Bragg, Stockdale & Co., can seldom have had such a successful day. He was at Epsom to see Santa Claus win him about £20,000. He had drawn the horse in the Stock Exchange sweep.

The Home Secretary, Mr. HENRY BROOKE, and DAME BARBARA BROOKE were enjoying the luxury of racing from a private box. The period of doping brought the Home Secretary into the racing picture. But it had one happy result for Mr. Brooke. About a year ago the Epsom Grand Stand Authority decided to put one of their boxes at the disposal of the Home Secretary to help him keep abreast of the racing scene.

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Gambling, dancing and an extensive view of London's dockland were among the attractions of this year's River Ball, held in aid of the Royal College of Nursing and the National Council of Nurses of the United Kingdom. Presidents of the cruise were the Marquess and Marchioness of Blandford, chairmen were Lady Heald and Mrs. Jack Steinberg

- 1 Lady Sarah Curzon with members of the crew
- 2 Captain W. J. Kelly and the Marchioness of Blandford
- 3 Viscount Cranley with his fiancée, Miss Robin Bullard
- 4 Lady James Crichton-Stuart
- 5 Mr. David Metcalfe and Miss Madeleine Rampling
- 6 Mrs. Kenneth Keith and Sir Isaac Wolfson, Bt.
- 7 Miss Celia Hensman and Mr. Mark Sheldon
- 8 Miss Susan Weaver and Mr. Michael Hughesdon
- 9 Baroness Thyssen-Bornemisza and Mr. Charles Sweeny





PHOTOGRAPHY: TOA HUSTLER

O, GO, GO, WAY DOWN THE RIVER



PHOTOGRAPHS: A. V. SWAEBE

AS I WAS SAYING: the Mother and Daughter Lunch at the Savoy plainly got off to a good start for Lady Douglas-Horne and the Countess of Perth (*top picture*), though afterwards neither could remember what the joke was all about. "What, me bent double?" said Lady Douglas-Horne. "Isn't it stupid, I can't remember a thing I said to Lady Perth. Was it *after* lunch?" For the record it was *before*, writes Muriel Bowen, who was also a guest. Joint-chairmen of the luncheon (*centre left*) were Mrs. F. Thompson-Schwab and Lady Aberconway. Other guests included mother and daughter Mrs. Alfred and Miss Marilyn Francis (*centre right*), the Costa Rican Ambassador Mme. Chittenden and her daughter Patricia (*above left*) with (*above right*) the Hon. Victoria Lever and Mrs. Douglas Little.

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HORSE FROM A HAT

The retired Governor General of Ceylon, SIR OLIVER GOONETILLEKE, a very horsey man, was another who was doing things in style. The MAHARANEE OF BARODA, who was unable to get over from Paris, had lent him her box. Who else was there? The DUKE & DUCHESS OF NORFOLK (he was telling his friends about his successful diet); Mr. CHARLES CLORE; Mr. MICHAEL & LADY ANNE TREE; Mr. HAROLD & LADY DOROTHY MACMILLAN; LADY AITKEN; Mr. & Mrs. BERNARD SUNLEY; LORD & LADY MARKS OF BROUGHTON; BARON GUY DE ROTHSCHILD who flew a contingent over from Paris; and LORD & LADY HOWARD DE WALDEN. Their *Oncidium* was a great disappointment to his many backers, not to mention the people who had him as a result of Derby draws. Mr. TIMOTHY HOLLAND of Crockford's drew him on the Stock Exchange, and Mr. IAIN MACLEOD, M.P., got him out of the hat at White's.

REDCAR'S NEW HAT

Racegoers are not as numerous as they used to be but increasingly the racing authorities are doing something about it. There was a "gala opening" for the new stand at Redcar. One of its innovations is a roof garden with attractive bar and awnings and tables overlooking the paddock. The main restaurant has a superb situation on the top floor.

MAJOR LESLIE PETCH, who is Clerk of the Course at Redcar, always believes in making racing attractive to women. If they race their husbands tend to race too. It is a good psychological approach. At York, the best run of the major meetings, it has certainly paid off.

HATS AND HOPES

With the newspapers so busy concentrating on the profundities, the hats (for once) at this year's Tory Women's Conference were totally neglected. Leading the hat stakes was VISCOUNTESS BLAKENHAM whose fine turquoise straw was a shade deeper than her suit. It was straw, too, shiny and black, for Mrs. IAN PERCIVAL and in shocking pink for Mrs. R. H. COBBOLD. A slip of a girl, Miss JOAN HALL, who is prospective Tory candidate for Barnsley, wore a marvelously elegant black cartwheel. (SIR ALEC DOUGLAS-HOME gallantly predicted that Miss Hall will run away with the male vote.) Mrs. REGINALD MAUDLING was

wearing a red and white floral concoction *back to front* and for a very sensible reason—it suited her best that way.

I asked Mrs. ROGER SWINBURNE-JOHNSON, chairman of the Tory women in the West Midlands, how the 3,000 hat parade compared with that of other years. "It has never been better than this, why it looks as if they have all come straight from Harrods," she said.

I have truthfully to report, however, that the future of hats in the Tory Party is not all that secure. A number of the more attractive younger women were hatless. Among them: the HON. MRS. MORRISON, whose husband was the recent victor at Devizes; and Mrs. GEOFFREY HOWE, whose husband is prospective candidate for the safe Bebbington seat in Cheshire.

AND HATS FOR AHEAD

Talking of hats . . . 13-year-old PRINCESS ANNE is now having her hats made by AAGE THAARUP, her mother's milliner. Mr. Thaarup told us so himself when he spoke at that delightful function, the Mother & Daughter Luncheon at the Savoy. Mr. Thaarup prides himself on making hats that are successful weapons. He told the story of the schoolmistress who wanted a "brilliant hat" as an aid to getting a headmistress's job. Mr. Thaarup produced a hat in which his main aim was not to suit the wearer but to overpower the selection committee—all male and in the 50 to 60 age group. The schoolmistress got the job.

In a brief few years the Mother & Daughter Luncheon (a benefit for polio research) has made a strong impact on the social calendar. I wasn't at all surprised to hear Mrs. F. THOMPSON-SCHWAB say that tickets for next year's lunch are already being booked. Mrs. Thompson-Schwab was joint-chairman with LADY ABERCONWAY, whose daughter Miss ROBIN BULLARD headed the young committee who came to the hotel at breakfast time to arrange the flowers on the 25 tables.

TAILPIECE

Two ballboys have been added by VISCOUNT COWDRAY to the staff of his Cowdray Park polo grounds. Last year spectators pocketed over 300 balls hit out of play.



PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

WIGHTMAN ROMANCE Britain's No. 3 woman tennis player, Miss Deidre Catt, practising with other members of the British and American Wightman Cup teams at the All England Lawn Tennis Club, had a surprise announcement to make after the tournament in which victory went to the Americans. She is to marry the Australian player, Mr. John Keller, and settle in Melbourne. "This may be my last Wightman and Wimbledon," she said. *Centre left:* American Miss Carole Caldwell. *Centre right:* Miss Elizabeth Starkie, of Britain. *Top left:* American Wightman captain Mrs. Donna Fales. *Top right:* Miss Angela Mortimer, the British captain. The American team won all five singles matches to retain the Wightman Cup



CORINTHIAN DAY IN THE FIRTH

The Forth Week Yachting Regatta was held on the Firth of Forth and was organized by three clubs—the Royal Forth Yacht, the Forth Corinthian Yacht, and the Cramond Boat. The second day was under the burgee of the Corinthian and racing—including International Dragons and Loch Long O.Ds.—began at Granton Harbour, only a few miles from the centre of Edinburgh

1 Loch Long class yachtsmen prepare for the journey by ferry to their boats before racing
2 Mr. K. L. Gumley at the helm of his International Dragon *Karen II*. He is honorary secretary of the R.F.Y.C.

3 Miss Anna Mucklow, Mr. D. Thow and Mr. D. Young of Edinburgh University Sailing Club who were sailing *Gaudeamus* in the Loch Long class

4 Mr. Harry Holmes, Rear-Commodore of the F.C.Y.C.

5 Mr. Donald Macdonald, the club's official timekeeper. He has been sailing on the Forth since 1910

6 Mr. J. Glass, who was sailing his boat *Sieglinde* in the International Dragon class



LETTER FROM SCOTLAND

Forth Week, held under the joint burgees of the Royal Forth Yacht Club, the Forth Corinthian Club and the Cramond Boat Club, proved a little disappointing this year because of the poor weather—two races had to be cancelled. As one competitor put it to me, "Even at best, the weather conditions are cold. They don't encourage pleasure sailing. Only real devotees of the sport take part. You either come to race or you don't come at all."

However, about 200 did come and all seem to have enjoyed themselves; possibly the social side of the Week helped to thaw them a little. On the opening Saturday a dance was held at the clubhouse overlooking Granton Harbour. The week ended with a highly successful wine and cheese party, also held at the clubhouse. And during the week Cramond Boat Club (the dinghy events are held in the more sheltered waters at Cramond) held an informal evening and prize giving for the dinghy class competitors at their clubhouse.

Worst hard luck story of the week was that of father-and-son team H. G. and A. H. G. Munro who, sailing turn about in *Sheena* in the Loch Long Class, have won nearly every race they have sailed in. This year they won four times out of a

possible five but, because of a misunderstanding, failed to start the fifth race and thus lost the whole series. Their loss was the gain of J. A. F. Gibb who, in *Yogi*, was declared the winner in the Loch Long Class. Winner in the Dragon Class with four wins out of a possible five, was J. Leask in *Nereus*.

MEETING OF MAP-MAKERS

Map-makers from all over the world will converge on Edinburgh at the end of July for an International Congress of Cartographers—the first of its kind ever to be held in the city, under the joint auspices of the International Cartographic Association and the International Geographical Union. The second organization was founded about the beginning of the century, while the International Cartographic Association is only three years old and this will be only the second technical meeting which it has held. There will be delegates from Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Rumania and there are even a few women cartographers, among them an Indian and a Japanese.

Administrative organizer John Bartholomew tells me that, as an outcome of the congress, three commissions will be set up—one on automation in cartography, one on the standardization of the technical

terms used and one on training methods. The five days of the congress won't all be solid going. There will be civic and Government receptions and a steamer cruise is also on the programme.

CONSCIENTIOUS OPENER

It was appropriate that Lady McCance should have opened Glasgow's magnificent new Arts, Social Studies and Library Building of the Royal College of Science and Technology, since it was named McCance Building in honour of Sir Andrew McCance, chairman of the College Governors.

One of the most human of Glasgow's public figures, Lady McCance is frequently invited to openings and launchings. "It comes in spates but it's always exciting, and I'm always nervous," she told me after the ceremony. Lady McCance is a very conscientious "opener" and always visits the building she is opening beforehand to get its atmosphere.

She is thrilled with the new library. "It's quite outstandingly interesting, exciting and exhilarating," is her verdict. "And the spaciousness and quietness of it should really enable students to study there."

The school accommodates more than 400 students and 50 staff and will provide about 140 student places each year. J.P.



A table outside



THE SANDS: Eating in "the most beautiful restaurant in the world" (as an American catering organization voted by the presentation of their annual award) is pretty much an international affair. The Sands in Bond Street serves specialities from Poland, Russia and the South Seas—finds the Scandinavian cold plate a favourite for customers eating in the open air. The general manager, Mr. Vinnicombe, places great emphasis on the decor and appointments



LES AMBASSADEURS is an impregnable fortress in the midst of the London traffic. There Polish chef, Stephan Czapski, serves his speciality, a cold soup called Chlodnik with a Borsch base, to a select membership. Meals are served outdoors at every opportunity with specially shaded trolleys protecting cold dishes from the sun. Robert Mills is manager, and unusual features include a barber's shop, sauna bath and one of the first approved gaming rooms in London.



LA TERRASSE TIO PEPE has a French manager and chef (Messieurs Bernard and Rene respectively) whose plan it is to feature a different province of France in each week's menu. They estimate this will take all of two years, and each region will be represented by eight or nine specialities. Restaurant is in Shepherd's Place, off Brook Street

More and more restaurateurs are successfully following the trend towards eating out of doors. Photographer Desmond O'Neill selects just a few of the London restaurants with tables outside



AU PORE DE NICO'S patrons are shielded from the weather by draw blinds and infra-red heat. Speciality is Cailles Petertusini (named after their Italian chef), quail cooked in white wine with sage, veal and bacon. A clientele of theatrical folk and Chelsea residents enjoys a primarily French cuisine all the year round, Sundays included. Proprietor is Murray Radin, and the restaurant is in Lincoln Street, Chelsea



LA LANTERNE faces the Gondola on the opposite corner of Wigmore Street and Duke Street. Here the Swiss chef, Mr. Herbert, serves dishes of many nationalities, including recipes from his native country. The manager is German-born Mr. Birkholz and the restaurant is now licensed to serve drinks on both floors and outside



THE GONDOLA is situated on the corner of Duke Street and Wigmore Street and their Italian chef, Mr. Bruno, specializes in spaghetti and all Italian pastry dishes. Manager is Mr. George



WIVEX DANISH RESTAURANT in Wigmore Street (*see cover*) overlooks one of the busiest stretches in the West End. Schnitzel Tivoli (veal and pineapple served with cherries) is prepared by the Polish chef, and the restaurant's large regular clientele includes business people from nearby firms. The manager is Mr. Scheel and the restaurant opens at midday seven days a week

RADA DANCES

Stars from most of the plays current in London rushed into evening dress after their show and dashed to the Savoy to join in the fun of RADA's Diamond Jubilee Theatre Ball. Dancing went on until dawn and proceeds were for OXFAM



1 John Fernald, Director of RADA, with Miss Sylvia Coleridge recently in *The Schoolmistress* at the Savoy Theatre, directed by Mr. Fernald
 2 Miss Annie Ross, leading British jazz singer, was in the cabaret
 3 Miss Maggie Smith, currently at the National Theatre
 4 Miss Norma Foster, who is concentrating on a film career, with Mr. Ferdy Mayne
 5 Miss Katie Fitzroy and Mr. Peter Finch, sitting, and behind them Mr. Peter McEnery and Miss Rosemary Davies

this grassy O

Considering the eccentricity of the weather that toys with this emerald isle, it can only be called curious, that predilection of the English for doing things in the open air almost before the may be out. Many the fête champêtre turned into a wet stampede, many the marquee become an island unto itself. But every year, with unswerving faith that June will be flaming, pageants and parties, picnics and plays are painfully planned. Perhaps the most famous alfresco event is the Shakespeare season at the open-air theatre in Regent's Park. On a fine, warm night the plays are given a wholly individual magic that compensates for those other evenings of damp deckchairs, anoraks and Thermos flasks of comforting drinks. This year the weather performed with distinctive irony, providing a week of sumptuous sunshine for rehearsals and preparations, then, deciding apparently that King Lear would be a more suitable quatercentenary production, thundered and growled and rained-off the opening performances.

Disappointing, perhaps, but not heartbreaking. The company is equipped emotionally to handle such a setback; it is their third year in the park and the weather is simply an occupational hazard. Regent's Park is associated still with Robert Atkins who put on seasons there annually from 1946 until 1960, when they were discontinued. The following year the theatre lay fallow and the Ministry of Public Building & Works to whom it belongs (that means it's the only Government-owned theatre in the country, which comes as a mild surprise) considered razing the hedges and letting it revert to parkland. However, David Conville persuaded them to let him put on a season in 1962. "It was a commercial venture and therefore impossible to get any grants. But we had good notices."

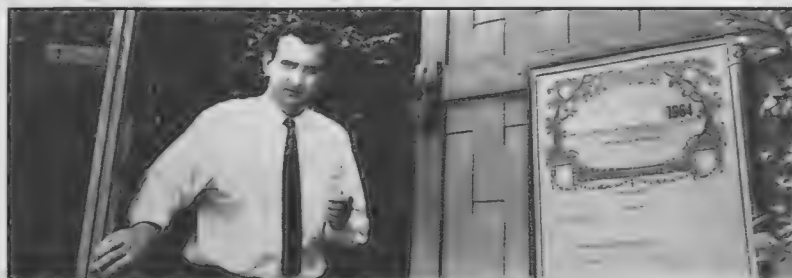
So the following year he formed the New Shakespeare Company—a

non-profit distributing company, therefore qualifying for a grant from the Arts Council—and revitalized proceedings in the park. Artistic Director of the company is David William and lighting was put in the hands of Richard Pilbrow and his enterprising Theatre Projects Ltd. Distinguished players were persuaded to appear and the Stagesfood Company organised a comprehensive eating, drinking and getting-warmed-up service.

When this year's season ends the company is going after more secure climatic conditions with a 21-week tour of Asia, taking in Pakistan, Malaysia and Sarawak. "It is a function of the company to do these tours," says Mr. Conville, "and we are looking for a winter home in London, doing plays from the classical repertory. Then the ideal sequence would be summer in the park, then a tour abroad, then winter in London."

This year's opening production is *Henry V* which will be succeeded in mid-July by *The Shrew*, to be directed by the Polish actor and producer Vladek Sheybal.

J. ROGER BAKER



David Conville, managing director of the New Shakespeare Company: "We believe we can get effects and atmosphere in the open-air theatre that are impossible elsewhere," he says. Left: Rehearsal in progress on the grassy O of the stage, seen from one of the high lighting towers



Left: Playing Princess Katherine in *Henry V* and Bianca in *The Shrew* is Amanda Reiss, who has already made an impact in a succession of comedy roles in West End productions. With her here is David Walker, who designed the costumes for both productions. Below: Designer Henry Bardon and director David William confer among the leafage. Right: Sunshine dapples the armour as David William confers with David King (the Constable of France) and Edward Atienza (Dauphin). This history play is the first open-air experiment outside the comedies



Fight rehearsal for Peter Whitbread (Pistol), John Sterland (Bardolph) and Henry Manning (Nym), while (centre) Dinsdale Landen (Henry) tests his sword. The fights were arranged by Jack Barry (far right), who aims his bow and arrow carefully away from the audience of deckchairs







MISHA BLACK (*far left*) is professor of one of the newest schools, that of Industrial Design, established five years ago. "Basically, the idea is to train engineers who will have an awareness of the man-machine relationship, for example, that between car and driver, between housewife and cooker. We deal with everything from tools to locomotives." The school's aim is to produce skilled engineers who have, too, a sensitivity to design; most of the students already have a B.Sc. in engineering when they arrive, but others are given a straightforward technological course angled to design: "This is a specialized branch of engineering suitable for study in the atmosphere of a top art school, rather than in a technical college." Only a fraction of the country's engineering students elect to do industrial design, and as yet industry is not creating many demands for these men though there is an increasing interest. Student projects are related to real problems. Professor Black is design consultant to the London Transport Board with special reference to the Victoria line, consequently his students are working on new designs for underground carriages: "It is interesting to watch the students' approach to this sort of thing, and it may well be that some of their ideas may influence the final design." Also in the school is a group of postgraduate students working on non-surgical hospital equipment. They have produced a medicine trolley, now marketed, also beds and an ambulance which though much smaller in bulk than the ones now used retains

the same amount of space inside. Student MICHAEL STARLING (*centre left*) is the son of an architect, and as he excelled in maths and physics at school (St. Paul's), decided to take industrial design. His particular interest is in furniture and the use of steel—his model of a steel desk is in the picture. He plans to go to America on a travelling scholarship for six months and will then probably take a staff post, teaching, though his ideal is to freelance. "When you are at college you tend to get cynical about the design of practically everything," he says, and dislikes the generally austere approach favoured today: "I would like to see a more decorative approach—though not applied decoration."

PROFESSOR R. D. RUSSELL (*left*) is in charge of the School of Furniture Design. He feels that furniture should be anonymous—that is built-in units. "People can then express themselves in accessories—cushions, fabrics and curtains. Furniture design is now getting itself sorted out and viable mainly through the use of the many new materials available. It is not, however, going in what I would call the right direction because furniture design is influenced by the demand for rapid change—a new range is introduced every year." Student PETER MURDOCH (*below*) demonstrates the professor's feeling in his diploma exhibit, a system of storage units consisting of 20 inch cubes that can be arranged in six or seven basic styles. They are brightly coloured, can be drawer sections

CITADEL FOR SHAPE MAKERS THE PRACTICAL DESIGNERS

In the second part of our feature on the Royal College of Art, J. ROGER BAKER introduces the remaining five departments in the Faculty of Industrial Design. Photographs by BARRY SWAEBE



or cupboards, and derive from the idea that furniture does not necessarily have to stand up against a wall. He was inspired for the scheme by children's blocks—also invented a chair based on a plastic collar stiffener. "There should be more individuality in design," he says, "too many furniture designers these days are influenced by each other. Designers should be totally original and in that way we can evolve a peculiarly British school of furniture design. Winner of one of the two travelling scholarships offered at the college, he plans to go to America, working and travelling



MR. R. STENNETT-WILLSON (above) is reader in the Department of Industrial Glass which covers everything from milk bottles to murals. He has been designing in glass for 30 years and has decisive views on the place of glass in modern life: "There is a tremendous demand for good design and I like to think there's a change towards providing it, though it's very tiny at the moment. Until last year the glasswork I designed had to be made abroad and it wasn't until then that I got some made commercially over here. But there is a change and I am trying to equip the students with the ability to design work that can be made in the factory and to be able, if necessary, to show how it can be made. Part of the problem is that factories find it difficult economically to experiment in glass." In the picture are some blocks of glass designed by Mr. Stennett-Willson; they are hollow—"this gives four extra surfaces from which light can reflect"—and are used for murals. Student DAVID BARTLETT (right) can already see his work in practical use—he designed a big glass mural for Shell which is in the Underground station near Shell Centre. He came to the R.C.A. from Kingston art school and wishes to make design connection with various firms that would leave him free to travel. Among his experiments is a mural consisting of coloured glass fused on to tiles—it is for a zoo and consequently the design is of stylized animals.



SIR HUGH CASSON (right) is professor in the School of Interior Design. He says: "Interior design used to be a matter of lampshades and cushions. It was in the hands of gifted, but untrained, individuals and certain large furnishing firms. While these systems still persist, the trained interior designer is not more often recognized in his own right. We aim to give an architectural training, we teach the logical analysis of a problem, be it the layout of a desk or a ship's public room, and of the manipulation of space from a single cell upwards." The School of Design was founded as a department under Sir Hugh in 1951. Two years later the reorganisation of the college allowed the interior design department to become a school. "We emphasize analytical thinking and discourage pretty drawings produced for their own sake," says Sir Hugh, who indicated that the problems set for students bear direct relevance to the everyday business of life. For example, one group of students is working on a signposting exercise for the new M.O.H. prototype hospital at Greenwich: "They begin by going out to do some job such as buying a pencil from Harrods or collecting a parcel at London Airport testing the efficiency of the signs provided. Then they note the difficulties as they arise and apply these to the hospital problem." Training is not confined to interiors and free-standing structures—



exhibition stands, often for real clients, are included in the problems set. Student CHRISTOPHER RICHARDSON (*left*) is a man with a vision; or a mission. He is interested in teaching and feels that design should be taught to children at the earliest possible age. He taught English and Art for a while but came to the R.C.A. "to get proper qualifications"—an operation, by the way, far less casual than he made it sound. He is presently in his first year and plans to continue teaching—otherwise would like to design for television.

MR. P. POPHAM (*above*) is tutor in the school of Silversmithing & Jewellery (Professor R. Y. Goodden was in America) and points out that though silversmithing is a shrinking field the students are trained to tackle work in other metals such as stainless steel and aluminium. "Some things will always be commissioned from a silversmith, new universities require plate and there is ecclesiastical silver too. But design is ultimately a matter of good shapes, and poses the same problems, bearing in mind the nature of the material being used." Ideally, the jewellers are trained technically before coming to the college—"if a student is particularly promising, though, he can be taken on with little technique"—and as there is an increasing demand for modern jewellery many students are able to set themselves up as freelance designers. This is perhaps the most-expensive-to-run department as it maintains a stock of silver and semi-precious stones. Craftsman



demonstrators are employed who make up the students' designs and also lecture on technique. Student ROBIN BERESFORD (*above*) has been interested in metalwork since he was seven. For a while he taught metalwork in a secondary modern school in Canterbury. His aim is to establish his own workshop with a team of experts executing freelance designs.

IS THIS THE LAST AMATEUR WIMBLEDON? / Denzil Batchelor

In most other sports the distinction between the amateur and professional player is gradually being whittled away. Not so in lawn tennis. This is all the more remarkable because the very word *shamateur* was invented to describe the average unpaid tennis toplayer; and one remembers, in pre-Kramer circus days, the quip that things were getting so tough among British professionals that X would soon be forced by sheer financial stringency to become an amateur again.

Today amateur golfers can play against professionals: in cricket there is no distinction between the two classes; but in lawn tennis it is still illegal for the most richly subsidised amateur to meet the poorest paid professional in competition. Is this the last year that this rule will remain in force? On 8 July, shortly after the end of Wimbledon, the International Lawn Tennis Federation meets in Vienna to vote on the question. All tennis-playing countries will be represented with a voting power allotted according to their playing strength and prestige. America, Australia, Britain and France have 12 votes each, minimus countries but one.

In all there are nearly 300 votes; and more than 200 of these will be cast by countries attending the conference. A two thirds majority of votes cast are needed to alter the constitution to make "open" competition legal, or even to allow next year's Wimbledon to be thrown open to professionals as well as amateurs for one experimental tournament. Will the champions of change get their majority—and their way?

They didn't, though they expected to, two years ago when the Federation met in Paris. They failed by a few votes; and there are some who say that they would have succeeded if one delegate had not been too deaf to understand what was being voted about, while another was out of the room collecting his air-ticket home, and a third was in the cloakroom.

Two years ago it was the determination of Australia to ban open tournaments that proved decisive. This year those supporting the change will find Australia as inflexibly opposed to them as ever, while the United States will either support Australia (as will the Iron Curtain countries), or will abstain.

Mr. Basil Reay, Honorary Secretary of the International Federation, and Secretary of our own Lawn Tennis Association, said to me: "I don't think, from what I hear, that the vote for the open tournament will go through: or the vote to try a one-year experiment at Wimbledon."

At first sight this may seem a strange prophecy in the brave new classless world of 1964. The arguments for an

open tournament seem overwhelming. The standard of play among the amateurs is deteriorating, year by year. From the point of view of play, the top tournament of the English season has now become the indoor championship competed for by the leading professionals at Wembley. Again, we are all sick and tired of hearing of the cupidity of the amateurs. One remembers the Continental champion who wrote back demanding a huge remuneration when asked if he would play in the Davis Cup, was persuaded to wire asking the Selectors to tear up his letter, but was in due course suspended as he had the misfortune to live in a country where letters travelled faster than telegrams.

One notes too, that such major figures as Mr. J. Eaton Griffith, President of the International Federation, and Mr. Herman David, Chairman of the All England Club and the Committee of Management of the Championships, both support the open tournament. Mr. David said to me: "What I say is that all lawn tennis players should be called *players*. This is because there is so much shamateurism today that this is the only way to clean up the game. Let players find their own market level. If all are players, then you will automatically have open tournaments."

Well, those who oppose an open Wimbledon advance three main arguments in defence of their attitude. Their first point deals in particular with the proposed one-year experiment. They say that once you have opened the door to the professional player, it can never be shut again. You may declare, with your hand on your heart, that this is but for one year only: but you can no more be believed than a Chancellor enforcing a "once and for all" capital levy. From the moment you decide to stage your experimental open tournament, all distinction between the amateur and professional will disappear for ever.

The second argument is concerned with the distribution of prizes. Would it be fair for professionals to play for lavish cash prizes while amateurs compete for small trophies?

The final argument is again concerned with prize money. It is likely enough, say the opponents of the open tournament, that the leading professionals will be ready and willing to compete in the experimental open, or even the first open Wimbledon, for small expenses and modest prizes. But what will they want after they have come to dominate the tournament, as they will in a very few seasons? Will they still be content with small expenses and modest prizes after they have had, let's say, all the male semi-finalists for three years running? Won't they then take up the attitude that they *make* Wimbledon, that but for

them it would be nothing? They know well enough that the tournament brings in a profit of £35,000 a year to the Lawn Tennis Association, with which sum all the machinery of lawn tennis in Britain, from competitions to coaching is financed. Why should the L.T.A. have that £35,000? Why shouldn't they, the professionals themselves? Who earned it?

It is also said that the men and women whose voluntary help makes competitive tennis in Britain possible would be betrayed by a surrender to the highly rewarded stars. Why should these amateur volunteers work themselves to the bone so that all the money tennis earns should go to a few *maestros*, leaving the three-quarter million ordinary players devoid of financial support?

There is one other argument advanced by the opponents of change, particularly by those from Continental countries. In the final analysis, they shrug their shoulders and concede that some day, some time, somebody is bound to try out a tournament at which amateurs and professionals meet each other. But *not* Wimbledon—never Wimbledon! The place is sacred. The traditions are inviolable. Never Wimbledon, by the ghosts of Wilding and the Doherty brothers (none of whom played on the present ground), of Tilden and Suzanne Lenglen!

And against all the arguments stands the galaxy of the star male players of today—the ladies, of course, don't come into the argument: there is little or no interest in their professional game. A world's championship (and that is what Wimbledon stands for in the public imagination) is a farce without the leading professional players—Rosewall, champion of champions; Rod Laver, fast improving; Lew Hoad, fighting back trouble and all other masters for his place in the sun: below them, Buckholtz and Mal Anderson, Ashley Cooper and Olmedo—all good enough to blast McKinley, Ralston, Emerson, Santana and Osuna off the sacred Centre Court, if given a chance.

Well, there are the arguments as advanced for and against the open Wimbledon. My belief is that the opponents of change will triumph at Vienna, against common sense, against progress, against the best interests of lawn tennis.

What, then, can be done? My suggestion is that our own Lawn Tennis Association should sever connections with the International Federation—and stage its own open tournament. This involves the amateurs playing in it in taking the risk, well nigh a certainty, of being banned by their national associations. But some of them will be brave enough to take a chance—and then the rest will follow.



A few acres encompass the whole world when the grass waves high above your head and a field stretches from here to eternity. Every morning is a new adventure, and no summer's day is long enough. The young pioneers setting about life in these pages were dressed for the job by Unity Barnes and photographed in the deep country by Julia Hedgecoe. Suited for sea or sun in striped blue and white terry towelling, rickshaw-driver's trunks for ages 2 to 8, from £1 9s. 6d.; the passenger's 1920-ish suit has scarlet pants, a low-cut back, for ages 2 to 10, from £1 17s. 6d. Both at Fortnum & Mason. Reversible red-to-navy sunhats, 18s. 11d. at Dickins & Jones

a small world


From left: pink and white gingham skirt with braces goes over a miniature bush shirt in pink gingham. To ring changes there are checked shorts, too. For ages 2 to 13, from £7 2s. 6d. at Fortnum & Mason. The gingham suit for a small boy is in pepper and salt check, for ages 2 to 5, from £2 8s. at Liberty





From left: cornflower blue and white gingham shift dress edged with broderie anglaise frills. For ages 2 to 5. 1 gn. Frilled bloomers to match, 5s. 11d. At Fenwick. ☁️ Workmanlike grey denim dungarees, with a double front pocket (and one at the back) in dark-striped cotton, matching the American-style shirt. For ages 2 to 5. Dungarees, 1 gn., shirt, 18s. 11d. Both at Fenwick







a small world

From left: a free-falling dress with front pleats in pink and white cotton has a tiny white piqué collar. Sizes 16 ins. and 18 ins. from £1 7s. 6d. Royalist by Viyella from D.H. Evans.  A dress for serious business in stout blue denim, pinafore shaped, bound with blue and white stripes. For ages 2 to 4, from 10s. 9d. By Ladybird at all Ladybird Shops.

 Navy blue and white check gingham makes a grown-up dress for a five-year-old, long sleeved with a matching kerchief. For ages 4 to 6, £1 7s. 6d. to order from Biba's Postal 



Boutique, 35 Oxford Street, London, W.1.     *Right:* Scandinavian children like practical clothes in sophisticated colours, which English children are quick to rave about, too. These two are in tough cotton drill; the dress is striped in spice colours, brass-buttoned and edged with navy; the boy's striped shorts button on to a checked shirt in the same colours, banded with navy. Dress, for ages 1 to 3, from £1 17s. 6d., suit, for ages 2 to 3, from £2 6s. 6d. Both by M.M.T. of Sweden at Liberty



a small world *From left:* strayed from the seashore, a nautical pair in blue and white, both red-belted and embroidered with red sea-emblems. Both in sizes 18 to 24. Dress, £1 17s. 6d., shorts and shirt, £1 17s. 6d., at Dickins & Jones



 Gatecrashing kit made up of a Liberty-printed Tana lawn shirt in dark, masculine colours over navy cotton shorts with a big pocket. Shirt, for ages 2 to 6, from £1 14s., shorts, for ages 2 to 4, from £1 15s. Both at Liberty.



Right: diminutive playsuit in pink cotton, the bib-front and straps outlined with embroidery. For ages 1 and 2, £4 12s. 6d. from Fortnum & Mason



GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

The full midsummer night's dream is long and flowing hair tangled with a myriad flowers. But that dream is well outside the experience of most girls who know that what starts out looking dreamy can turn into a tangled nightmare by midnight. The really successful midsummer dream has small neat flowers that won't wilt and a crisp line to hair that can't look limp at 12. Hugo solves the problem alongside with a romantic hair shape blooming with small white camellias that pin in. His salon—at 69 Park Road, N.W.3, AMB 0393—is in the neglected Baker Street area and has an easy, relaxing climate.

A pale and pretty skin looks cool on a hot night. Impressive pallor can come from a pot of milky foundation. German Monteil's Super foundation is the best for giving a petal touch to the skin.

If you like a pearly lipstick, Le Rouge Baiser have a new colour, strawberry moon.

Strawberry Cream is the most romantic of all, a childishy bare and a slight patina with a hint of pink. Or a basis of white (like Revlon's White A La Carte) plus a

haze of pink on top. Experiment with Floris's Rose Thé that has a dash of milk built in. Keep cool through the hottest summer night with a tiny tin of Quickies to refrigerate a warm skin.

There is a new moisturized version. Keep cool by using a tiny telescopic spray of a sharp cologne scent—Floris in Jermyn Street have a neat design like a lipstick that could carry a cooling dose of their showery Limes or Verbena toilet water.

Keep cool by using one of the new dry deodorants and anti-perspirants that touch on like compressed powder. Their plus over the liquid kinds is that they don't need to dry off. And they are packed in a handy compact complete with a washable puff.

Two are Goya's Dry Deodorant and Fields Sno-Dri.

PHOTOGRAPH:
PETER RAND

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

on plays

Pat Wallace / Survival of the fittest

Mr. Bradley-Dyne's new play at Her Majesty's Theatre, **The Right Honourable Gentleman**, is solidly based on the Dilke scandal of 1885, a social and political calamity and a *cause célèbre* which shook the country from the government to the tea-tables of the time. With such rich, factual material to work with and a story intrinsically so dramatic and leaning over and again on a single person in a key position telling the truth or a lie, the playwright has had the shape of the work cut out and, as it were, ready made for him.

He has respected the directness of the story line, emphasised its sensational nature (for this case had many of the necessary ingredients of melodrama) and supplied dialogue which, if not particularly subtle, seems at least in character.

Sir Charles Dilke was at the height of his power, a close friend of Joseph Chamberlain's, expecting a high appointment in the Gladstone government and about to be married for the second time when the first intimations of disaster began

to make themselves felt, like the first crack or rumble of an avalanche. He was a man who was ambitious and honourable in public life; in private life the lover of many women, among them one Mrs. Rossiter who, as a discarded mistress, set about writing venomous and barely anonymous letters. Her daughter Nia, on the verge of divorce, confesses to her unsatisfactory husband that Dilke had not only been her lover but had involved her in sordid perversities. The divorce case is heard but the Queen's Proctor intervenes and the situation remains ambiguous with Dilke's name technically cleared but his reputation irretrievably tarnished.

To save something from the wreckage Dilke pleads with Nia to retract her "confession" and, in the end, when the lover who was in fact her partner in these *amours* rejects her, she agrees to do this. The play closes with Dilke, who has just heard from Chamberlain that his chances in the new Gladstone administration are tenuous to say the least, ask-

ing Nia what had moved her to ruin him and, when she replies inscrutably enough that it was because he did not return her love, slowly tearing up her signed form of retraction.

Nia is played by Miss Anna Massey who shows more potential power with each of her rôles. She has in certain scenes an extraordinary quality of stillness, and when the script requires her to listen, one has the conviction that she really is concentrating all her attention on what is being said. She is capable, too, of the transports of emotion of a scene such as hers with the husband (which really is the purest melodrama), in common with that in which her lover rats on her and in which one can almost hear the phantom violins playing mournfully off-stage.

Melodrama, however, is perfectly in place here, for what else was this whole story of late Victorian passions and intrigues? Miss Coral Browne brings a luscious beauty and a kind of languorous authority to her playing of Nia's mother and appears perfectly at home in the bustles, bows and jewelled chains of the period.

Miss Browne is, in fact, far better suited to the costumes of the times in all their elabo-

ration than is Miss Massey, whose slight figure tends to be over-weighted and who makes her first appearance in an unbecoming riding habit and quite deadly bowler. Miss Jill Melford, who gives a good, knife-edged performance as one of Nia's sisters, wears the clothes beautifully and Motley's designs and decor for the play should, at this point, have more than a word of commendation.

Dilke is played solidly, thoughtfully and on rare occasions emotionally by Mr. Anthony Quayle. He gave, I thought, an admirable performance, but then I cannot in the past ten years or more recall his giving anything else. As Chamberlain Mr. Jack Gwillim, complete with frock coat, monocle and orchid, presents an excellent impersonation of the close friend who, as Dilke realises too late, has risen in the political hierarchy over Dilke's political corpse.

Mr. Glen Byam Shaw's production could be criticised at certain moments for a lack of pace but, in a way, its steady progression suits the substance and the rich, plumcakey texture of the play which sometimes provides the satisfying effect of reading or hearing a Trollope serial.

In one of the final scenes of *The Golden Rivet* (Phoenix Theatre), a pathetic novelist (Clive Russell, centre) discovers the hard, unsympathetic core of his alleged friends, TV executive Ben Rivet (Jack Hedley, right) and his wife Liz (Jan Waters). The play, by Laurence Dobie and Robert Sloman, is a study of tensions and motives in the 60s



DOUGLAS JEFFERY

on films

Elsbeth Grant / The ego and I



Richard Attenborough as the blundering husband, trapped in his wife's psychotic fancies, in Beaver Films' *Seance on a Wet Afternoon*

For the first hour or so of M. Louis Malle's beautifully directed film, *A Time to Live and a Time to Die*, one feels sorry for the central character—a distraught young man, persuasively played by M. Maurice Ronet—but as one gradually realizes that nobody could feel half as sorry as he does for himself, sympathy gives way to impatience. Is it not rather contemptible in a handsome fellow of 30 that he can think of nothing better to do with his life than to end it?

Alain Leroy (M. Ronet) is, as far as I can see, a spoilt adolescent who refuses to grow up. He has a rich and generous wife, mistresses a-plenty, good friends, good clothes and no money troubles. He has never, one gathers, been called upon to do a stroke of work. He has never had to bear a fardel—"the whips and scorns of time, the oppressor's wrong, the pangs of disprized love, the law's delay, the insolence of office"—or any of those ills which might conceivably tempt a man to make his quietus with a bare bodkin (or whatever weapon is to hand).

M. Leroy allows himself a brief leave of absence from the nursing home where he has undergone an allegedly successful cure for alcoholism and goes to Paris to visit his old haunts. Everything he finds there increases his disenchantment. His wittiest ex-mistress (Mlle. Jeanne Moreau) has become a drug addict, his best friend (M. Bernard Noël) dares to try to rally him with sound advice; his dear Solange (Mlle. Alexandra Stewart), a society hostess, is too occupied with her other dinner-party guests to give him her undivided attention.

Two of his erstwhile buddies are blithely busy promoting further dissension over the Algerian settlement (is the implication here that though what they are doing is wrong, they are happy because they are at least doing *something*?)—and a complete stranger of twenty-odd has the infernal impudence to look exactly like M. Leroy at that age as, glass in hand, he rambles gaily down the dissolute path that has led the older man to despair.

Forty-eight hours in a world that now means nothing to him (did it ever mean much,

since he admits he's incapable of feeling?) are enough to drive M. Leroy back to the nursing home where, languidly draped on his divan, he shoots himself—an empty man, hoping to escape from the weariness of an empty here-and-now into the absolute peace of an empty hereafter. As a study in egocentricity the film is masterly and both the acting and the photography are above reproach.

Fragments of a film left unfinished by the brilliant Polish director, Mr. Andrzej Munk, who was killed in a car crash, have been pieced together by his friends with such skill and intelligence that the resultant picture—*The Passenger*—has the impact of a masterpiece. In its incompleteness, the story may be more ambiguous than Mr. Munk had originally intended (though he was never one for conventionally rounding-off situations and tying up loose ends) but it certainly stirs the imagination and gives, in its oblique and indefinite way, a more soul-sickening impression of Nazi concentration camps than any of the more direct and explicit films I have seen on the subject.

A German woman (Miss Aleksandra Slaska) returning to Europe aboard a liner with her husband, whom she has married in America, is shocked and alarmed when she recognizes, or thinks she recognizes, another woman passenger (Miss Anna Ciepielewska) as an ex-prisoner from Auschwitz—where, she has given her husband to understand, she was herself confined. The fact, which she now admits, is that she was an overseer, not a prisoner—but which of the two ensuing accounts of her part in the life of that hellish camp is true?

In the first, she figures as a benign overseer, doing her duty because she must, but taking risks to protect the prisoners—especially Miss Ciepielewska—from the worst horrors. (These in the sequences shot by Mr.

Munk, are merely glimpsed, but in such a way that the blood curdles.) Is this really how Miss Slaska sees herself in retrospect? It is how she would like to see herself—but ugly memories force themselves upon her. In the second version of her story she appears as a ruthless, dedicated Nazi, sexually madly jealous of Miss Ciepielewska, whom she was determined to dominate, make use of and crush.

The material left by Mr. Munk is bound together with an English commentary and still photographs of the two women that are in themselves illuminating and disturbing. The dreadful degradations of Auschwitz have left no mark on Miss Ciepielewska—if she was indeed the persecuted prisoner, there is no hint of it in her proud bearing—nor is there in Miss Slaska's happy, smiling face, as the homeward-bound bride, the slightest sign that she had any share in the atrocities inflicted by the Nazis upon their helpless victims.

Mr. Bryan Forbes' well-written, well-directed film, *Seance on a Wet Afternoon*, must be seen for Miss Kim Stanley's flawless performance as a medium, teetering on the brink of madness, and Mr. Richard Attenborough's as the devoted husband, who, out of love and pity for his wife, becomes her accomplice in a kidnapping plot devised by her to prove that her psychic powers are genuine.

Only a confused mind could have conceived the scheme—only a man who put his wife's happiness before everything else would have tried to carry it out. I found the film strangely touching—and the seance scenes (particularly the final one) extraordinarily gripping.

The Moving Finger, not so much directed as thrown on the screen by Mr. Larry Moyer, is one of those ghastly, hand-held camera jobs about ghastly beatniks in Greenwich Village, where cockroaches running up the walls are a commonplace, if not a status symbol. Ugh!

on records

Gerald Lascelles / To Shakespeare with love

To my less than imaginative brain, nothing could be further apart than William Shakespeare and jazz. The fact that his works are still being performed in Quatercentenary year suggests that, as a lyric writer, he was at least with it, and could in all probability have been making the scene

today. Instead, the immortal Bard is further immortalized by the efforts of Cleo Laine, who sings a good selection of William's words to the setting and backing of John Dankworth's music in a new album, *Shakespeare And All That Jazz* (Fontana).

The brunt of the musical

honours go to Dankworth, who contributes eight themes and the only two "new" lyrics, *Dunsinane Blues* and *The Compleat Works*; two pieces are borrowed from the Ellington suite, *Such Sweet Thunder*. Finally he uses the four Arthur Young settings which Cleo recorded earlier in her career, and from which I choose *It Was a Lover And Her Lass* as my favourite track. The fantastic range of her voice enables her to tackle with graceful ease the contrasting styles required of her. What a remarkable

partnership this is—John's fertile composing brain and Cleo's unique, mellow but forceful voice—blending to produce this witty and imaginative work. I agree with Mr. Shakespeare—"If music be the food of love, play on!"

Skating on thinner ice in terms of translating classic works into the jazz idiom, Jacques Loussier uses both piano and organ in his brilliant interpretations, *Play Bach No. 4* (London). Keyboard music is inevitably the least adaptable to the jazz voice,



PHOTOGRAPH: GRAHAM ATTWOOD

The monitor screen picks out altoist Paul Desmond from the Dave Brubeck Quartet as they record a programme for BBC-2's Jazz 625 series. Bassist Eugene Wright, drummer Joe Morello and Brubeck himself on piano are also seen in the programme which will be transmitted on 14 July.

Fischer, a rising star of piano and organ; and finally because it breaks new ground while retaining melody as its keynote, and leaving no room for chi-chi screechings of the sort we have to suffer too often.

Individually I have the greatest respect for the men who appear in Bill Evans' quintet on *Interplay* (Eiverside), but

collectively they fail to reveal their potential in this session. Neither Freddie Hubbard on trumpet, nor Jim Hall on guitar, seems able to follow the leader in full sympathy, nor to project himself sufficiently to dominate any of these reasonably straightforward standard themes. Evans makes the occasional breakthrough,

but even this does not add up to very much. It is always disappointing when latent potential is not revealed, but it is an inherent risk in recorded jazz that has to be taken and occasionally settled as a losing bet. *You Go To My Head* seems to be the best of the six tracks, without reaching storm-blowing proportions.

on galleries

Robert Wraight / Soviet chocolate boxes

The history of modern art, and especially of abstract art, is rich in Russian names, many of them great ones—Kandinsky, Malevich, Tatlin, Lissitzky, Rodchenko, Larionov, Goncharova, Archipenko, Chagall... In the years between 1905 and 1922 these and many lesser artists revolutionized painting and sculpture in Russia and exerted a tremendous influence on progressive artists elsewhere in Europe. They banded together in societies with esoteric names like the Jack of Diamonds, Golden Fleece, Donkey's Tail, 5 x 5=25 and Tramway V, launching movements with equally impressive names, such as Non-Objectivism, Suprematism, Constructivism, CuboFuturism, and Rayonism.

Ironically, this revolution was killed by The Revolution—but not immediately. After 1917 many of these leading artists returned from travels abroad fired with enthusiasm

for the new Soviet state. Chagall became a Commissar for Fine Arts, Lissitzky became a professor in Moscow, Kandinsky worked for the Commissariat for Fine Arts and founded the Academy of Fine Arts. Only four years later, however, mutual intolerance between the State and the creative artists paved the way for the era of Socialist Realist painting and drove most of the major artists into voluntary exile.

If we may judge from the exhibition *Aspects of Contemporary Soviet Art*, now at the Grosvenor Gallery, Socialist Realism has died the death even in Russia. Those who remember the Soviet section of the Royal Academy's Russian exhibition in 1959 will recall that it was then already in an advanced state of senility and will shed no tears at its passing. The rise, decline and demise of Socialist Realist painting are all epitomized in

the work of one artist who was represented in the exhibition of 1959 and has a picture in the present show. He is 65 year-old Alexander Alexandrovich Deineka, People's Artist of the USSR and Lenin Prize Laureate, an artist who in the early 1920s painted powerful, monumental, Cubist-influenced pictures of the Revolution but is now a romantic whose work (*vide* his *The Song* at the Grosvenor Gallery) is closely related to that of dear 80-year-old Dame Laura Knight.

In fact almost everything at the Grosvenor underlines the paradox that Royal Academicians and Russian revolutionaries with avowedly opposite aims have arrived at the same uninspiring goal. The exhibition abounds in landscapes of the come-to-sunny-and/or-snowy-Russia poster variety and still-lives (several of them inspired by Bernard Buffet). Though the subjects of the landscapes are exotic, the styles of painting are only too familiar. Rarely (the most notable exceptions are the striking drawings of sculptor Ernst Neizvestny and L. T. Kuznetsov's *Evening Landscape*) does one feel that the artist is more than superficially con-

cerned with his subject.

Why is this? Can it be that, as Camilla Gray wrote in *The Great Experiment*, that excellent book about Russian art from 1863 to 1922: "The Russian artist has never been notable for his interest in visual reality"? Are most of these artists really frustrated Kandinskys, Maleviches and Lissitzkys, painting as they do simply to please that well-known anti-abstract-art critic Nikita Khrushchev? Exciting as it would be to think so, I disagree. In every country mediocre artists vastly outnumber the inspired ones. Russia is no exception and this exhibition (in which the inspired artists can be numbered on your thumbs) is probably a fair cross-section of the work produced by her 10,000 professional artists.

Since I have written here of Kandinsky it may be of interest to note that what must be the most representative showing of his work ever seen in London is now at Sotheby's, where 50 of his paintings from the Guggenheim Museum, New York, are to be sold on 30 June. They range in date from 1903 to 1943. All but the earliest two are abstractions.

on books

Oliver Warner / Mediterranean memories

Who that has ever known him, listened to his broadcasts, or read his articles can ever think of Vernon Bartlett as old? Yet he it is who tells us that he spent his 21st birthday in an ambulance train going down from the front during the second battle of Ypres in World War I and now, his more active assignments behind him, there is his account of settling in Italy. **Tuscan Retreat** (Chatto & Windus 25s.) is full of good things about Mr. Bartlett's way of life in the land he has always loved, about its pleasures, its problems and its rewards. More than that, there are plenty of asides about the author's past experiences, and shrewd reflections on the present, which help to make him as engaging a companion between covers as he has always been in person.

It is an unaccustomed treat, almost a shock, to find a current novel ending happily. Barbara Goolden's **The Gift** (Heinemann 18s.) affords us this welcome experience and, what is more, it carries conviction. Miss Goolden is an experienced hand and has never, even in her apprentice days, tolerated a bungled story. Her variation on the eternal triangle—childless couple, vivid

young thing attracting the husband, sad wife—is given an unexpected twist and, hey presto, life is suddenly brighter.

I cannot, alas, report the same hopeful serenity in **Mister**, by Michael Burgess (New Authors Ltd. 18s.) for this is about the inside of prison life. It is full of violence and dislike, ends with the Big Drop, and carries the atmosphere one would expect to discover inside an abandoned saucepan. But the writing and characterization are first-class, and confirm all the curdling things one hears about the effect of prisons not only on the prisoners, but on those who guard them.

As for **A Man from Nowhere**, by Elspeth Huxley (Chatto & Windus 21s.) it completes a trio of some distinction. Mrs. Huxley suggests the strange things which may befall an African sailing for England on a personal vendetta. It seldom works out according to plan: the victim refuses to be quite the expected nasty specimen of fantasy and phobia and, though in this case violence is indeed brought about, it is not in the manner planned. Skill tells, and Mrs. Huxley has plenty.

I have two travel books to report, very different in outlook and subject. Not every reader will share the current taste for battles, but Peter Young and John Adair, in **Hastings to Culloden** (Bell 30s.) have visited the principal scenes of clash between the Conqueror's landing, 1066 and all that, and the sad ending of the romantic '45 rebellion. They write persuasively about what things happened and where.

Alan Sillitoe's **Road to Volgograd** (W. H. Allen 18s.) includes an account of a battle greater in scope than anything these islands have ever suffered, for Volgograd is Stalingrad built anew, and that is where he went.

As a travel book about Russia this is so good that I can recommend it as adding what almost amounts to a new dimension to one's thoughts on Muscovy. The author regrets the change of name from Stalingrad, and so do many, for whatever Stalin's crimes, his successful control of operations at the famous scene proved a turning point in history. Sillitoe on the new Russia in general is zestfully illuminating. He quotes Chekov: "My God, how rich Russia is in good people" and he brings to this up-to-the-minute country that spirit of acceptance which is so necessary, and so difficult to achieve, in dealing with what is, in effect, a new world.

Briefly... Continuing on the travel track, which is appropriate at this time of year, Patrick Anderson's **The Smile of Apollo** (Chatto & Windus 25s.) is described as "A Literary Companion to Greek Travel" and it does just what it promises—it fills out the picture. Though designed for use on the spot, somehow one's eyes are always roving in Greece itself, and it is on return that one wants to absorb, recollect and mark where to go next time.

Diplomat Among Warriors by Robert Murphy (Collins 45s.) is a long autobiography by an American career diplomat who was in the closer counsels of President Roosevelt in World War II, and whose memory stretches back as far as the days of American intervention in 1917, and forward to Suez and beyond. It is sometimes salutary to listen to what an ally has to say. "The Prime Minister," writes Murphy of the Earl of Avon, "had not adjusted his thoughts to the altered world status of Great Britain, and he never did." His verdict, that he "lost his nerve" is without rancour, and indeed there is good temper throughout a long and enlightened narrative, for the author is certainly among those who have helped to make the present-day American diplomatist a more responsible, skilled and dedicated type than the most of his predecessors.

on opera

J. Roger Baker / Sweet and Make sour

Those who take a deep interest in these things have a high regard for **The Gipsy Baron**. One commentator even claims it as Johann Strauss's "best operetta *per se*." Be that as it may, there seemed little enough support for this view in the new production at Sadler's Wells.

The basic fault seemed to be a refusal to put over the work in the spirit the composer intended. The story is nonsense but the music is glamorous so, to justify its appearance, the operetta should be directed with the lightest of stylish touches and decorated with a matching charm. The designer Abd'Elkadar Farrah seemed to take a purposefully anti-romantic view: his sets sometimes looked like the White-chapel Art Gallery in between exhibitions, sometimes like Highgate cemetery.

For me there is an even more distressing thing about these sets than their complete lack

of relevance to the music, and that is their extremely dated appearance. They recall the constructivist settings of the '30s and this is no way for our liveliest opera house to behave.

There is no Right or Wrong way to do Strauss operetta—as far as I'm concerned they can do it with back projections of the space race, or recreate the full chocolate cake glory of the Theater des Westerns in 1885. But the experiment must be viable; it must support (and be supported by) the music. Nor did the costumes help here. The gipsy ones are singularly unlovely, the others range from straightforward colouring-book designs to grotesque caricatures.

The opera was directed by John Blatchley, and again, it seemed his idea was to work against the music. The story is admittedly inconsequential, but there was no attempt to impose dramatic unity, not

even by defining relationships that existed before the curtain rose or making those that happen later particularly clear.

Having recited my woes, I can say that the musical aspect gave great pleasure. The score is full of top pops—many surprisingly familiar; mention a gipsy and we're away with a throaty czardas, at the drop of a shako on come the hussars (or in this case "gay hoo-zar-hars"), mention Vienna and the waltz king shows why he was so dubbed. That benign expert of light music, Vilem Tausky, conducted and the too-often-underrated Sadler's Wells orchestra responded beautifully; Mr. Tausky knows all about Strauss and clearly communicated his wisdom.

June Bronhill, making her first appearance at the Wells after a two-year absence, is the gipsy girl, Saffi. She looks madly Magyar in a black wig and with gold coins round her neck, and the voice seems even better than before. An added power in the lower register sweetens that brittleness that used to detract from her considerable technique. In her first

act czardas, she alone conjured up visions of a black velvet night with stars and camp fire flickers that the designer so pointedly ignored.

A newcomer, Nigel Douglas, sang the title role. He is a dishy young man with a beguiling voice and engaging stage presence. In this work he is necessarily restricted to appearing as little more than a conventional matinée idol, but there are possibilities here. Possibilities too in Ann Howard, a mezzo-soprano whose voice should be nurtured with care. She sang the part of the gipsy queen and though she looked too young, had weight and a striking range.

Throughout the singing was good and the ensemble that ends the first act—eight soloists and chorus—was dramatically handled. Sadler's Wells can produce light opera well—there is *The Merry Widow*, *Orpheus in the Underworld*, *Iolanthe*, and on a slightly different level, *Count Ory*, as examples. It seems a pity that *The Gipsy Baron*, a work of distinguished music, should be so ineptly handled.

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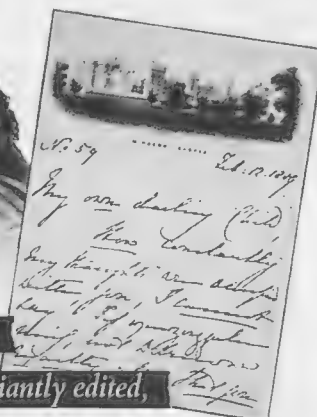
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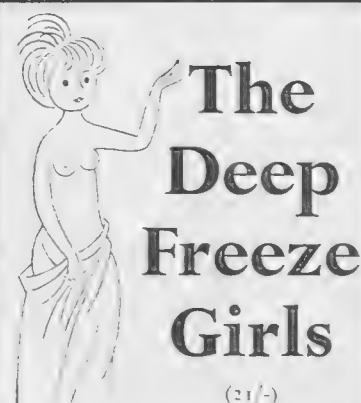
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ANTIQUES

Chinese art has long been incorporated in fashionable interiors in Europe but the vogue for their beautiful carpets, jades, ceramics and other objects reached its zenith in the early 18th century. None were quicker to appreciate the enormous possibilities than the Chinese themselves, whose artists and craftsmen gathered in the port of Canton, among other places, to produce objects of great beauty which were then exported to the European markets. This movement began in a small way during the latter years of the 16th century, but by the 18th porcelain and silks were familiar and sought after. Later, treasures in other mediums were added—enamels and glass paintings.

It is believed that the art of enamelling was introduced into China by Jesuit priests and that it was practised regionally such as in Peking and Canton, but the greatest quantities appear to have come from Canton, so it is by this name that we most commonly know them today. Canton enamels should not in any way be confused with cloisonné ware, for whereas in enamelling the copper body is covered with powdered porcelain and then fired it is not until after these processes that the artist applies his design. In cloisonné work, on the other hand, the pattern or design is laid out with strips of wire, usually copper, which are then fused on a backplate, thus forming *cloisons* or interstices into which the enamel paste is poured. Then the article is fired.

Canton enamels are a fascinating subject and study of them can prove most absorbing, as the variety of objects made include bowls, cups and saucers, tea-pots and dishes; the interplay of European and Chinese motifs on the enamel create interest. However, the quality of the numerous wares varies immensely as a vast quantity of spurious examples found their way into the European market. The amateur antique collector will find that the finest examples are those of the Ch'ien Lung period—1736-1795.

Reproduced here by courtesy

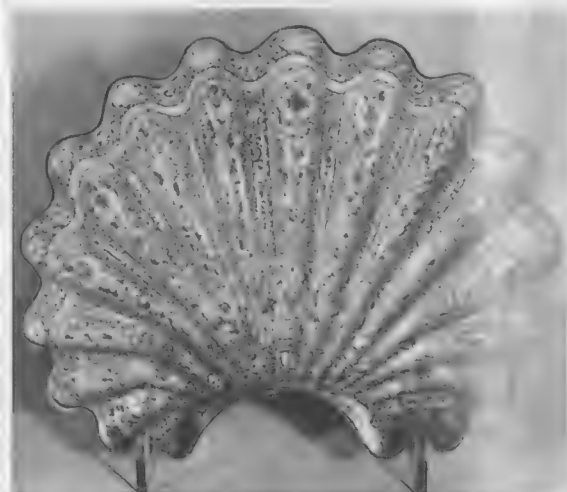
of Spinks of St. James's are photographs of some fine specimens of Canton enamels; an 18th-century shell-shaped rosewater dish and one of a pair of Canton enamel ruby-backed saucer dishes decorated in colours with two Mandarin ducks, the ducks symbolic of married happiness, swimming among tree-peonies. I found the succinct description of the panel given to me by Messrs.

Spink irresistible: "The delightful castles, with a hint of Scottish Baronial about their roofs and turrets, the extraordinary railing and impossible postures of the figures on the terrace all suggest some unknown country where time stands still. The Emperor Ch'ien Lung, inspired by the Jesuit priest who became his trusted adviser and on whom he bestowed the name of Lang

Shih-ning, built for himself a vast palace of European design, and we may like to think that his vision of the Court of Versailles is reflected in this gay scene"—a scene which includes women whose dresses are in colours of blue, green, yellow, red and aubergine, with three men paying court. Coniferous trees and a summerhouse can be seen on the left and the skies are blue."



Left: a Canton enamel saucer dish. Below: 18th-century shell-shaped rosewater dish. Bottom: a panel owing much to European influence



WEDDING

Miss Angela Bellew, daughter of Mr. J. B. Bellew, of London, and of Mrs. J. B. Bellew, of Barmeath Castle, Co. Louth, was married to Captain Simon Walford, son of the late Lt.-Col. H. C. Walford, and of Mrs. B. J. Fowler, of Rahinstown, Co. Meath, at St. Peter's, Drogheda



Geoffrey S. Fletcher / Lessons from Paris

ROSE GROWING

I was in Paris for the opening of the Florales and took the opportunity to visit some of the rose gardens round the city. The French are as notable in rose growing as in all other aspects of gardening. For sheer pleasure alone, one ought never to spend any length of time in Paris without seeing its gardens, especially the rose garden at the Bagatelle. In this way the gardener keeps his (or her) critical standards high and receives a challenge to do better still. This professional excellence is, I believe, the chief benefit to be derived from such shows as Chelsea and its Parisian counterpart, and in addition there are always new ideas for layouts and schemes, suggestions for new plants and what-not lying in wait to lure the compulsive gardener to greater extravagances of time and money.

The theme of the 1964 Florales was what the Romans called "Rus in Urbe"—the country in town; in other words, gardening as an antidote to urban sprawl. It was all quite magnificent, but, if badly translated into small scale gardening, seemed to me likely to lead uncomfortably near to my favourite horrors—pint-

sized pools, feeble fountains; God-wottery and—in England certainly—plastic gnomes. But there is no doubt that it is possible to achieve all sorts of pleasures in confined spaces, and the Florales showed the way.

Roses, however, were less in evidence, though I did pick up one hint: the use of miniature roses massed along the edge of a border. At the Georges Truffaut display at Versailles I noted the small beds of bush roses underplanted with yellow and blue pansies. Usually I dislike mixing up roses with other plants, but the effect there was so satisfactory that I decided to pass the idea on, improving it by suggesting the use of the old viola *Maggie Mott* for this purpose.

At Versailles I noticed the reliance placed on the old favourite climbing roses. In the pergola above the water garden, the pillars were chiefly furnished with such old varieties as *Paul's Scarlet* and *Albertine* alternately, and *Aimée Vibert*. Even *Dorothy Perkins* and *Excelsa* were there, the moral being that, if the great French horticulturists are not above using these common old varieties, no one else need be either.



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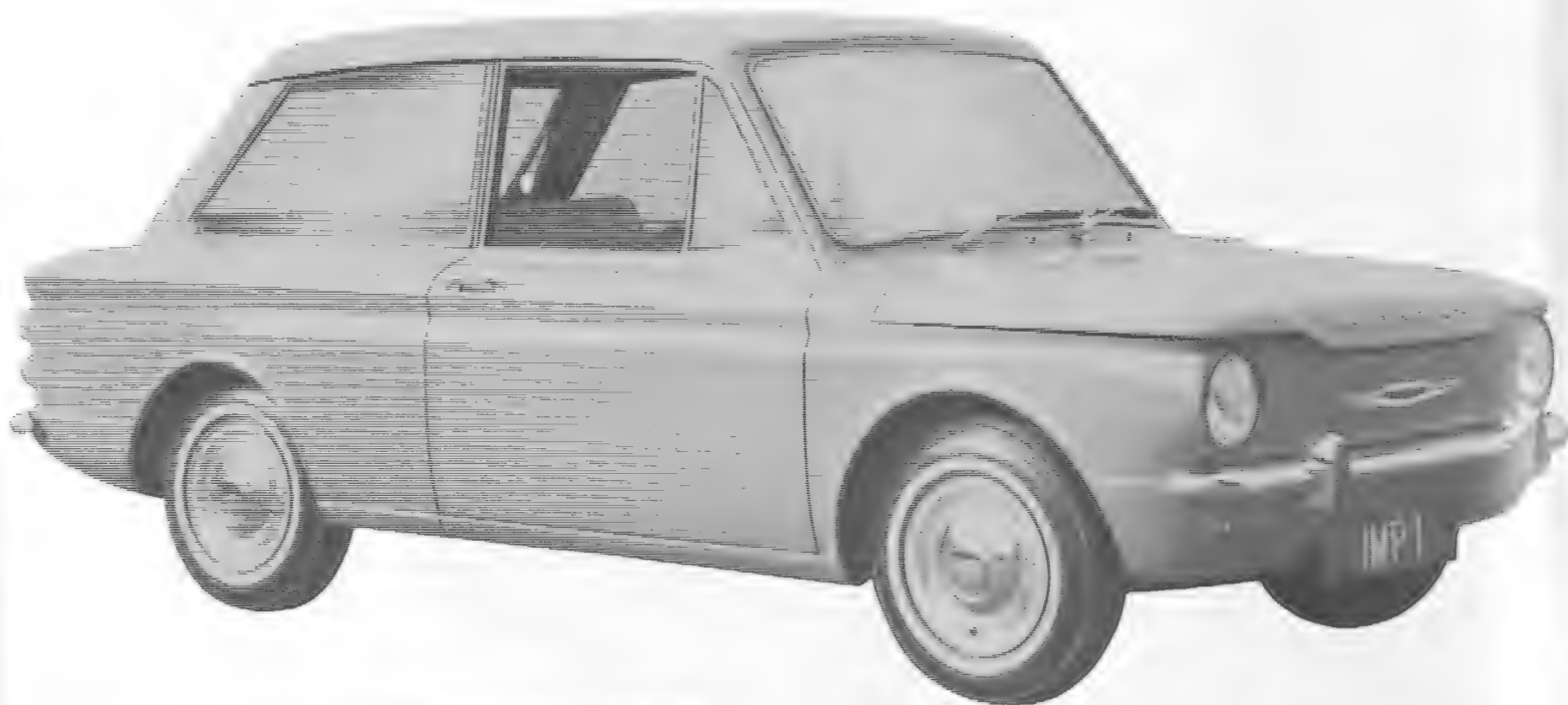
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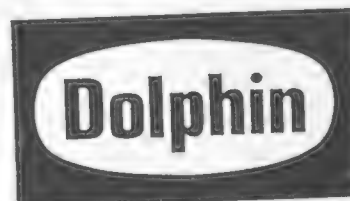
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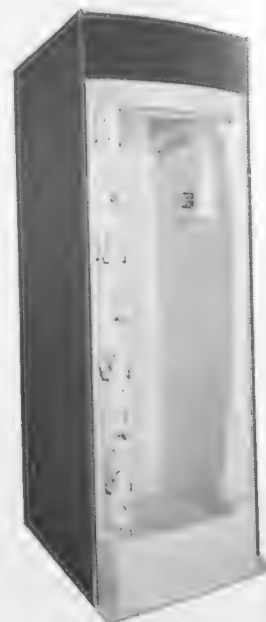
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Driving the Hillman Imp in its native Scotland for a couple of weeks has been great fun. This delightful little car has just celebrated the first anniversary of production at Rootes' huge new factory at Linwood, near Paisley, which is itself well worth a visit, should you be in the neighbourhood. It is among the most modern of motor car works, and has as an unusual feature a self-contained plant for the making of die castings in aluminium.

This is a fascinating process to watch because the "goods" are produced in a few seconds. A ladle-full of molten aluminium is spooned out of a large tank which is kept replenished from mobile furnaces. It is poured down a hole in a machine, a piston rod goes "ker-phutt" as it pushes the metal into every nook and cranny of the die, and then a gleaming casting appears, precise and beautiful.

While I was in Scotland the news came of the link-up between Rootes and Chrysler, and it was both interesting and satisfactory to find that the move was welcomed by all those to whom I spoke at Linwood.

The Imp is largely constructed of aluminium in its engine and transmission unit, the

basic idea being to keep the weight down in the car's tail. By using a light alloy to the greatest possible extent a saving of about 1½ cwt. has been obtained compared with ordinary iron/steel construction. In a car which, complete, weighs little more than 13 cwt. this is a great consideration, and is largely responsible for the remarkable liveliness the Imp displays on the road.

The engine's four cylinders are canted over so that overall height is reduced and space saved at the rear end of the car. Indeed, when one opens the little compartment in the tail it is quite amazing to see how much has been crammed into it. There is the 875 c.c. engine, which develops 42 b.h.p., with its radiator and fan, a four-speed gearbox which has synchromesh on all the ratios, and of course a clutch, also the drive shafts to the two back wheels. It is all a marvel of compactness, and leaves the whole of the rest of the car free for the occupants and their baggage.

The steel saloon body is attractively shaped, with two doors which are large enough to give equally easy access to front and back seats. If one is carrying a full load of passen-

gers—the Imp seats four in comfort—the back rest of the rear seats is latched in position by rubber straps, but if maximum space is wanted for baggage, and there is only one passenger, this back rest is quickly folded down to give a flat platform on to which several suitcases can be loaded through the opening back window. There is also a fair amount of space under the bonnet, where the 6 gallon petrol tank and spare wheel are housed.

With a mileage of just about 1,000, over roads of all kinds and including a good proportion of mountain tracks, the Imp's petrol consumption averaged 44 miles to the gallon, premium (but not 100-octane) being required, as the engine has the high compression ratio of 10 to 1. Simplicity is the essence of the car's controls, which are most thoughtfully arranged on each side of the steering column, the lever on one side actuating the trafficators and horn, and the other the headlamp dipping and flashing. Apart from these there are two switches, for the sidelamps and screen wipers respectively. My car being a de luxe model, there was also a switch for the blower fan, in addition to the

regulators for the heater ventilator, also a screen washer button and hinged ventilator panels to the front windows.

I found the Imp a thoroughly satisfying car to drive. On the good two-lane Scottish highways it was easily possible to get the speedometer needle to 75 and beyond, and cruising at 70 m.p.h. was normal. On the more difficult sections, where narrow roads or tracks twisted around blind bends, the car stayed in third gear for miles on end, and on it 50 m.p.h. could be exceeded without over-revving the engine. Handling was easy, steering light and precise, and the drum brakes adequately powerful and fade-free.

If I have anything to criticize, it is the front passenger seat which gives insufficient support when the car is cornering, and also the force needed to push the gear lever against its spring loading when reverse is needed. Apart from these, and perhaps the amount of noise sent up from the engine and road wheels (which some people might not consider to be any drawback), my opinion of the Hillman Imp is that it is a thoroughly pleasing small car. It costs £508 in standard form, £532 as a de luxe model.

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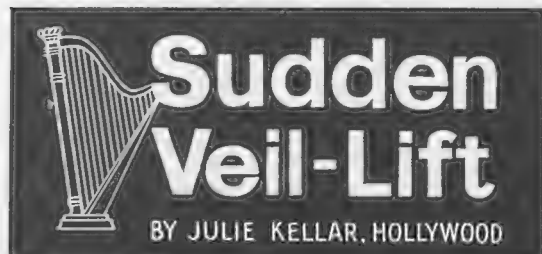
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With the fresh vegetable salad season in full swing, one's thoughts turn to dressings and the various ingredients which go into them. Of these, vinegar comes first to mind. Let us take, for instance, the classic oil and vinegar dressing. There are purists who frown on malt vinegar. While I, too, think that it is a little on the strong side for this dressing, there are some wine vinegars which are positively harsh so that a mild malt one is much to be preferred—unless one can find the right wine vinegar.

Recently, I have been experimenting with new-to-me Spice Islands wine vinegars from California, seven in all. In addition to plain red and white wine vinegars, there are several flavoured ones—red wine echalote (shallot), red wine garlic and red wine tarragon. Then there are white wine vinegar flavoured with sweet basil and white wine vinegar flavoured with tarragon. In both the tarragon vinegars there is a spray of the plant itself.

Under each screw-cap there is an attractive plastic sprinkler/dropper top. As this is removable, I have used one on a bottle of olive oil when making mayonnaise, so that the addition of the oil, drop by drop, is made easy.

These wine vinegars come in 12-oz. bottles at 5s. 6d. each. Expensive, I know, but very delicate and gentle in flavour.

Some dressings clash with a good wine at table. Even lemon juice, instead of any vinegar, can be too harsh. For those who cannot endure it or any kind of vinegar, I suggest a fairly dry vermouth. A good proportion is a tablespoon of vermouth to three of oil, with salt and pepper to taste, and also, if you like it, a spot of English mustard.

I wrote recently of products which, in the past decade, have been the greatest help to busy housewives. I did not include the new air-dried or quick-dried or accelerated freeze-dried foods, particularly proteins such as fish, meat and poultry. It must be at least 10 years since I first met with them. At that time, the government was carrying out experiments with them in a pilot plant. It was then stated that, space being precious on most expeditions, military or civil, and the ques-

tion of weight having to be considered, the idea was to lighten loads and pack more food into less space.

These foods were bone-dry and shrunk to almost nothing. What was a piece of feather-weight something (which might have been paper) turned out eventually to be a good-sized fish steak. Or a darker piece was finally a generous portion of beef.

We were shown various "before" and "after" foods—first, a weightless portion; then, alongside it, a similar portion which had been reconstituted by having been soaked in water; and finally a reconstituted piece which had been cooked.

As before, I never expected to see such processed foods applied to domestic use. But now they have been—perhaps because of the premium on space in our shrinking homes.

A spokesman for Bachelors tells me that their Surprise Peas, dried and in a packet, have captured 8 per cent. of the market, which includes canned and frozen peas. Now Vesta, subsidiary company, has gone into packaged complete main-course meals where the vegetables are air or quick-dried and the proteins are accelerated freeze-dried. The portions are for one serving or two servings and the courses include Hungarian Beef, Spanish Paella, Spaghetti Bolognese, Chow Mein and, a new one being tested, Chicken Supreme. All in the spokesman's words, are "going like a bomb."

Well, I do not suppose these packaged meals will supplant the natural products when you know how to prepare them, but they will introduce dishes to people who have not previously tasted them, and encourage them to make the dishes for themselves "from scratch."

Apricot kernels make a useful "almond" flavouring for puddings and the like. When you next make an apricot compôte, make a little extra syrup and poach the kernels with the halved fruit. Skin the kernels and add some to the compôte. Pour most of the syrup over them. Bring the remainder to the boil, add the rest of the skinned kernels and boil up once. Turn them into a screw-capped jar and store in a cool place.



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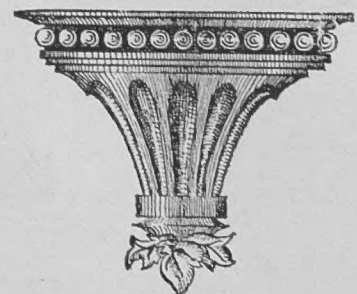
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